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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is shortly to produce a detailed scheme for saving the country. It has been prepared and vetted by experts; it includes the conversion of the Bank of England from a private into a public corporation, an extensive public works programme and a plan for settling a large number of the unemployed on the land. Even more interesting than the details of the scheme is the question whether Mr. Lloyd George can succeed in putting it over. He is no longer trying, as he was in 1929, to revive the Liberal Party, and he is not trying to start a new party. His technique is novel. He wants to excite the electorate about it especially in agricultural areas, and to see that younger Liberals and Conservatives return to the next Parliament pledged to his programme. His calculation appears to be that Labour, committed to a policy very like his own, will be the largest party in the next Parliament, but that it will not be able to take office and carry out this policy effectively without support from other groups. If some of the younger Conservatives and Liberals were to be elected on his policy he seems to contemplate the formation of a "New Deal" Government, drawn mainly from the Labour Party, but reinforced by himself and some of the keener and more progressive young Liberals and Conservatives. But would the Labour Party agree to anything of the sort?

Unemployment Assistance

The House of Commons, as we write, is engaged in approving the new regulations for Unemployment Assistance. The scales laid down do mark a definite advance and it is an open secret that they are an improvement on those which the Board originally proposed under Treasury pressure, and which the Government, whether from conscientious scruples or political fears, insisted it should reconsider. The graduated amounts for children are more generous than the niggardly flat rate of 2s. under the Unemployment Insurance Act; the "basic rent allowance" can be adapted fairly to meet the needs of applicants; and there are further concessions in respect of savings and "other sources of income." But, despite all this, the scale is not one for a civilised community to boast of, and unless the "discretion" of the Board is exercised in a very liberal fashion, there will be bitter complaints. The amounts in the case of families with several children are below the standard laid down by the British Medical Association Committee as a proper minimum. And the B.M.A. standards, though they may be a little higher than those adopted by other experts, professional or lay, are, in our view, by no means too high. They are designed to cover only necessities, the simplest

food and the cheapest clothing. Nobody is asking that the State shall provide the unemployed with the means to put Three Star Brandy in their Christmas pudding, or to smoke Coronas instead of Woodbines.

The Principle of Maintenance

Moreover, the whole scheme is vitiated by the Means Test, even though it has been eased in some respects. In a letter in our correspondence columns Mr. R. C. Davison, who is a well-known expert on the subject, questions us on this point, and on two others. The answers may obviously differ somewhat according to whether we are talking of our present capitalist society or a better one—a Socialist State. Let us confine ourselves here to the former. It is quite possible, as was argued in the Minority Report of the Royal Commission, to frame a comparatively simple and uniform test of need, which will provide ample safeguards against abuse. The Means Test as we have it is based on an inequitable and mischievous principle. A decent standard of maintenance (which does not, of course, imply standard rates of wages) should be the right of the individual who is willing to work but unable to get a job. This seems to us the right principle to insist upon, whatever the administrative objections. We ought not to require an unemployed man to be supported by the earnings (often exiguous enough) of other members of his household—nor, normally, by the expenditure of his savings. As to the other two questions, we do not advocate a universal system of relief work, regardless of its economic value, though we certainly do demand that the State should be far more active than it is at present in stimulating employment and initiating works of real public utility. And, finally, the rate of maintenance would not, of course, be so absolute as to entitle an unemployed man in all or any circumstances to refuse to take anything except his old job. But stringent precautions are necessary to prevent unfair alternatives being forced upon him.

Trouble in the Saar

The " incident " at Saarbrücken in the small hours of last Sunday was, as Sir John Simon said, " exceedingly unfortunate." He quite rightly declared that the British Government have no sort of responsibility in the matter. The principal figure, Mr. Justice, is (or was, for he is at present suspended) an officer of an international body, and we had nothing to do with his appointment or his employment. But that, of course, does not prevent the " German Front " in the Saar from making the utmost capital out of the " outrage," as they consider it, while even from anti-Nazi circles there comes a demand for punishment. Mr. Knox acted promptly, and properly, in handing the case over to the judicial authorities and promising that it should be dealt with without fear or favour. It is now *sub judice* and comment on the facts and the rumours is best reserved. Official Germany seems to be as calm as could be expected, and takes the view that the incident has no political significance. For all that, it is an ugly prelude to the arrival of the international military force. But we hope and believe that the discipline and friendliness which the British troops can be counted on to show in the Saar, as they did in the Rhineland, will dispel the Anglophobia that some of the Nazis are so busily working up.

A Quarrel in Africa

The deadlock between Italy and Abyssinia seems for the moment to be complete. The trouble began over the ownership of some wells near the frontier between Abyssinia and Italian Somaliland. A body of armed Abyssinians came into conflict with Italian troops, and there were considerable casualties—ninety killed or wounded on the Italian side, according to reports from Rome. An Anglo-Ethiopian Boundary Commission, which was also in the neighbourhood on business connected with the wells, had, after some conversation with the Italian commander, withdrawn from the scene of hostilities. The Ethiopian Government has referred the matter to the League of Nations and offers to go to arbitration over the ownership of the wells. To that the Italians will not agree; the Abyssinians were the aggressors, they say, and there must at least be compensation and apologies before arbitration can be considered. This is the foreground; behind lie larger causes of antagonism, in the shape of long-standing boundary disputes, as well as the mutual ambitions and fears of a pushing but cramped colonial Power and an African Empire ringed round with vigilant neighbours—Italy, France, Great Britain, the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, and Japan besides in the offing eager to get into the Ethiopian market. An Italo-Abyssinian war in such circumstances would inevitably mean grave international complications.

Public Works in the United States

President Roosevelt's National Resources Board, which is a reincarnation of the National Planning Board set up earlier in the history of the New Deal, has just issued what amounts to a twenty to thirty years' Plan for the execution of public works on the grand scale. The total expenditure contemplated under this scheme adds up to over $100,000,000,000, to be spent at the rate of about $5,000,000,000 a year. It is true that the scheme includes certain things which hardly appear on any rational basis to fall under the heading of public works. For example, it is proposed that each year for a period of fifteen years 5,000,000 acres of sub-marginal land should be withdrawn from cultivation at an annual cost of about $375,000,000, and there are also proposals for the closing of redundant mines. The greater part of the scheme, however, does consist of projects of economic advancement, including measures of rural development, extension of water power, and the enlargement of forest areas. Moreover, public control over the use of mineral resources of all sorts is included, as well as the institution of permanent planning machinery. The entire project is intended to be financed by means of public borrowing from the banks—that is to say, on inflationary lines which also involve an immense increase in national indebtedness—to be offset later by an excess of tax revenue over expenditure when prosperity has been restored. It remains to be seen whether this enormous Plan will be accepted by the President. If it is accepted the New Deal will enter decisively upon a new and far more extensive attempt to change the basis of the American economic system.

Nazi Economics

Nazi economic policy undergoes startling revolutions almost from week to week. This week it has been announced that Herr Krupp von Bohlen has resigned

from all his honorary offices in the German national economy; and it seems unlikely that his place will be filled. It is not long since Herr Kessler, formerly leader of the Reich Economy, was displaced from his post and replaced by Count von der Goltz, who was regarded as more likely to get on with the redoubtable Dr. Schacht. Since then, the grandiose structure of German industry under a body of sectional "Führers" has been gradually dismantled, and the Chambers of Commerce have been largely reinstated as advisory bodies dealing directly with the Reich Minister of Economic Affairs. In face of Dr. Schacht's views, and of the strong opposition of the great German industrialists, on whom the Nazis so largely depend for support, the idea of a corporative system for German industry, including the workers organised in Dr. Ley's "Labour Front," seems to have been abandoned, and the "Labour Front" to have been reduced permanently to a mere means of regimenting the workers under the control of the Nazi Party. In fact, the German economy under Nazism seems to be reverting rapidly to ordinary capitalist methods, with only the difference that the suppression of the independent Trade Unions and the regimentation of the workers under the "Labour Front" give the capitalists a far freer hand in dealing with labour than they could possibly have under a parliamentary system, or even under the corporative system which the Nazis originally held out as a bait to the working-class.

Shipping—the Subsidy and the Seamen

The subsidy for tramp shipping has been under discussion in the House of Commons this week. It is, of course, inevitable, in view of the present composition of Parliament and the Government, that this subsidy should be voted without any adequate provision for public control over the industry thus assisted out of public funds. There is, however, at any rate one point on which it ought to be possible to persuade even the present Government to insist as a condition of its help. It is common knowledge that, in face of the fall in freight rates, many shipowners, especially in the north, are flagrantly evading the rates for seamen and officers laid down by the National Maritime Board, and that competition in wage-cutting is one of the most important forms in which the internecine warfare among British shipowners is being carried on. There is so much unemployment among both seamen and officers that neither section is in any position to resist these infractions of the recognised scales of pay; but the House of Commons can at least insist that if public money is to be given to assist the shipowners in their present difficulties it shall be given only under conditions corresponding to the Fair Wages Clause in Government contracts—in other words, on condition that the scales of the National Maritime Board are paid in all cases without deductions. Without this safeguard the seamen are likely to remain helpless. Indeed, the officers and engineers are in some respect worse off than the ordinary seamen, because many of the officers are outside the scope of unemployment insurance, and therefore compelled to take on jobs on any terms, however unfavourable.

Arms and the Government

The American Arms Inquiry has led to a vigorous demand for a similar inquiry in France. M. Pierre Cot, three times Minister of Air, reminded the French Chamber that there was no reason to think that French arms firms had been less rapacious than American firms, that they had actually had private arrangements with German arms firms during the war, and that, in fact, the whole arms business formed a secret international force working against disarmament and peace. One would have expected a Prime Minister with Mr. MacDonald's record as pacifist and scourge of armament makers, to have taken a similar line. But that Mr. MacDonald is no longer alive. Senator Nye has offered the British Government the use of evidence given to the American inquiry; Mr. MacDonald hastened to assure Sir Austen Chamberlain that he realised the impropriety of the suggestion and made it clear once again that the promised commission of inquiry was not to be instructed to inquire into anything awkward. But perhaps the Government could be persuaded to adopt Mr. Noel Baker's suggestion that the commission might use and publish the evidence given to the Mackinnon-Wood Commission which reported in 1919? That Commission was set up to consider the future of arms manufacture in this country after the war. It took evidence from all the most experienced authorities; it included representatives from the Board of Trade, the Admiralty, the War Office, the Ministry of Air and the Treasury. It decided amongst other things, that the country would probably insist in the future on abolishing the old system of private manufacture, and that if the larger arms firms disappeared it would not "materially handicap production in the event of a serious war." The evidence which leads to this conclusion has never been published. Is there any good reason why it should not be after fifteen years?

Toynbee Hall

On Christmas Eve Toynbee Hall is celebrating its fiftieth birthday. Five hundred settlements in the United States are uniting to praise the parent settlement in Whitechapel; Jane Adams is expressing America's gratitude in a transatlantic broadcast and J. J. Mallon and Margaret Bondfield are replying from England. The remarkable success of Toynbee as of a number of other Settlements, is due to the fact that it has never been, as people imagine that settlements must be, merely a way of "working among the poor." Charles Booth's famous survey of poverty in London came from Toynbee, so did Sir William Beveridge's work on unemployment that led to unemployment insurance; Toynbee has been behind much of the educational advance of the last generation; it was in Toynbee that a long list of public servants like Sir Arthur Salter and Frank Wise served their apprenticeship. Similarly, the Settlement movement in the United States is a social force; it constitutes the one constant spring from which come the demand for old-age pensions, unemployment and other social services in the United States. Thus, the Settlement movement, which sprang originally from the same bad attack of conscience among the British middle classes that led to Fabian Socialism, has thriven in so far as it has not been purely religious or eleemosynary, but like Fabianism itself, a centre of research and of agitation for better education and a better social order.

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OLD MOORE'S WORLD ALMANAC FOR 1935

New Year's Day.—Conservative and Communist meetings in Trafalgar Square. Mr. Churchill in Brigadier's uniform vows that Government of India Bill shall not pass. Enthusiasm in India.

Mr. Walter Elliot deplores over-supply of cows, milk and other foodstuffs, but still hopes to produce scarcity.

Mr. Baldwin, addressing Hampshire branch of the Primrose League, is understood to say that Petersburg at least is within the frontiers of the British Empire.

Germany. The Chancellor denounces Rationalism and demands that Berlin Psychological Institute shall report on need of Irrationalism as test of fitness for office in Nazi Germany. He announces that to bring peace in the Church he proposes on Old German New Year's Day to celebrate mystic marriage with the Goddess Freya by Old German rite. Enthusiasm.

Jan. 3rd.—Soviet Ambassador asks exact meaning of Mr. Baldwin's Hampshire speech and deprecates the use of name "Petersburg" for Leningrad. Search for Mr. Baldwin, who is understood to be on holiday.

Indian rebels telegraph inviting Mr. Churchill to join them in agitation against India Bill. Invitation accepted. Mr. Churchill departs by aeroplane.

Jan. 6th.—Violent religious tension between Germany, Britain and U.S.A. Marriage with Freya postponed owing to alleged toothache of bride.

Jan. 7th.—Berlin Institute of Psychology reports all holders of office should be tested for Irrationalism and, if found rational, dismissed. Great rush for certificates for irrationality.

Jan. 8th.—Increasing tension in Leningrad. B.B.C. broadcasts SOS for Mr. Baldwin. Mobilisation of Red Army. In London whole *Corps Diplomatique* call upon Sir John Simon for explanation of Hampshire speech.

Sir John says that no doubt the Lord President will give any explanation that may be necessary. To a plain man like himself the words simply mean what they say, that there are British frontiers on both sides of Leningrad, e.g., England and India west and east, Labrador and Malta north and south. Deputation imperfectly satisfied.

Jan. 12th.—Religious tension between U.S.A. and Germany. Lord Lothian invited to Washington.

Germany. Complaints that tests of Irrationality take too long. Office-holders without certificates dismissed in thousands and beaten by mob. Goebbels accused of "thinking with his brain" and valuing objective truth, but acquitted.

Jan. 17th.—Triumphant reception of Mr. Churchill in Bengal. He accepts title of Mahatma.

Jan. 20th–30th.—Triumphant march of Mahatma Churchill through Bengal and Punjab. Attempt of Government to arrest him leads to open rebellion. Interviewed by *Headway* the Mahatma observes that he who would be free must himself strike the blow.

Jan. 21st.—MR. BALDWIN FOUND. Was in his library all the time, reading, and did not happen to see newspapers. On seeing report of Hampshire speech he says: "Did I say Petersburg? I meant Petersfield." Agrees to make personal explanation on World Radio.

British soldier in the Saar hit on nose by orange; nose bleeds. Sir John Simon, questioned as to Government's pledge that no drop of British blood should be shed in a foreign quarrel, explains that soldier who bled was strictly speaking not of British blood; he came from eastern counties, where population entirely Norse or Saxon.

Jan. 25th–30th.—Owing to delay in issuing special Certificates of Irrationality, it is agreed that ordinary Certificates of Insanity shall be accepted.

This simplification arouses unbounded enthusiasm in Europe. Taken up by Psychological Institutes in Warsaw, Paris and Rome (where, however, Criminal Taint, even combined with perfect stability, is accepted as equivalent).

Feb. 1st.—Sir O. Mosley accuses whole Cabinet of Mental Stability; Prime Minister indignantly refutes the charge as unworthy and unjust. Governmental crisis in Paris. M. Flandin addressing the Chamber says that the Constitution needs improvement (hisses), the Budget must be balanced (groans), but that whoever moves one boundary stone in Europe . . . (loud applause in which the end of the sentence is lost). Crisis past.

Feb. 2nd.—Mr. Walter Elliot kills a thousand cows. His action is taken in India to be a sacrifice to Kali on behalf of Mahatma Churchill and greatly stimulates rebellion. Mr. Runciman offers £1,000,000 subsidy for freezing cows, sheep, pigs, etc., and exporting or re-exporting to Australia and Denmark.

Feb. 1st–28th.—Irrationality Movement in Britain. Sir O. Mosley urges that Certificates of Mental Instability be required of all State officials, as in Germany. Warm support from Lady Houston and Lord Beaverbrook. Movement in Conservative Party quelled by Mr. Baldwin, who points out that the best British statesmen do not think and consequently cannot be tested either for rationality or irrationality.

Feb. 10th–15th.—Mr. Hore-Belisha goes to Paris; forms bodyguard of Beacon-bearers. Battle in Hyde Park between Beacon-bearers and Black Shirts.

Feb. 20th–25th.—High Commissioner for Refugees from Germany, Russia, etc., appeals to Great Powers for Financial Help: millions now destitute. The Great Powers after consultation agree on terms of an identic note:

> This country alone having disarmed beyond the limit of safety while the other Great Powers have largely increased their armaments is reluctantly compelled to spend upon rearmament the whole of its available revenue. It nevertheless warmly recommends your appeal to the other Great Powers.

Feb. 28th.—The Australians threaten to fire on any ships attempting to import cows to Australia. Fleet of cow-ships in Indian Ocean recalled.

March.—Assyrians from Iraq taken to new home in British Guiana in four large ocean liners. They refuse to land in such a climate. Liners return to sea. Assyrians starving. Mr. Runciman offers them subsidy if they will take his cows. Accepted. The idea spreads. Wheat-producing countries offer ten million bushels of superfluous wheat to Assyrians, who cruise about collecting it. Wheat followed by coffee, herrings, butter, mutton, etc. Assyrians demand subsidy for their services; granted. Mr. Elliot kills 10,000 more cows. Beef famine in England. General rejoicing.

Assyrians collect surplus stores till ships dangerously overloaded and can take no more. High Commissioner

for Refugees offers, in return for adequate subsidy, to make his Refugees consume the surplus stores. General relief. Subsidy granted.

March 1st.—Religious tension between Germany and western Powers unabated. Lord Lothian goes to Berlin on a mission of Reconciliation.

March 10th.—Mr. Baldwin's World Broadcast, long expected, produces soothing effect. Questions raised, however, as to precise meaning of final words, perhaps not intended for listener. "Will that do for them? It seems rather rubbish to me."

March 12th.—Mr. Mander asks Prime Minister if it is true that the Government is amassing stores of secret armaments in excess of those declared to League of Nations. Prime Minister: "Yes. No. . . . Besides they all do it."

March 13th.—French, German and Italian Ambassadors wish for explanation of Mr. Baldwin's Broadcast. Who exactly are meant by "them," and in what sense are they to be "done for"? It is explained: words in question due to mechanical flaw in instrument and form no part of Lord President's message. Some dissatisfaction remains.

March 16th.—Sir John Simon, asked to explain Prime Minister's answer on March 12th, says the "Yes?" was interrogative; the "No" is quite clear, and also the satisfactory assurance that the other nations are behaving as correctly as Great Britain.

March 17th–30th.—Lord Cecil insists on further inquiry on Secret Arms, and initiates NATIONAL BALLOT for that purpose. Horror of all right-thinking persons. Lord Cecil impeached and sent to the Tower.

April.—Ballot proceeds with enthusiasm. Inquiry inevitable. Governments beg High Commissioner for Refugees to receive and hold all their secret arms until the Inquiry is over. High Commissioner consents. Arms secretly transferred.

April 5th.—Mahatma Churchill reconciles Hindu and Moslem: is accepted both as incarnation of Siva and as Commander of the Faithful: completely defeats remaining British forces in India, declares Indian independence and takes title of Grand Mogul.

May 1st–6th.—Germany. Immense success of Lord Lothian's mission. The Mystic Marriage is to proceed, but place of goddess Freya is to be taken by Spirit of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy. Lord Lothian is invited to officiate, in forest, as Priest of Odin, in bear-skin and horns. Satisfaction in America; British Government has no observations to offer.

May 15th.—REFUGEES, now overwhelmingly armed and well fed, demand release of Lord Cecil, restoration of constitutional government in Germany and Italy, and Disarmament of Europe. Herr Hitler flies to relatives in Jerusalem, Signor Mussolini to Russia.

May 16th.—Sudden check to German-American entente. Spiritualist circles in Ohio and Little Rock testify that beyond doubt Spirit of Mrs. Eddy is already married to that of George Washington. Consternation. Situation saved by Hitler's absence.

May 20th–30th.—Refugees, supported by Assyrians, and aided by French and British armies with shot-guns, exact surrender of arms by rest of Europe. Lord Cecil, as High Commissioner for Refugees, summons World Conference of Uncertified representatives of States.

BREAD AND BOLSHEVISM

Moscow, December 14th, 1934.

THE food rationing system is abolished as from January 1st, 1935. This measure has considerable significance. The Bolsheviks would not have taken it if they had thought that a war was imminent, for there would be no sense in eliminating bread cards only to reintroduce them in three or six months. No doubt the menace of a foreign attack, which the Soviets have exaggerated these many years, remains, yet the eliminating of the rationing system in the cities will enrich and mollify the villages and thus further reduce the likelihood of invasion. For war against the Soviet Union would be in part a gamble on peasant disaffection; the outside has always underestimated the internal strength of the Red regime. But the suppression of the bread cards will make the countryside more prosperous and hence more loyal. At one and the same time, therefore, it reflects a lessened fear of war and likewise lessens the chances of war. The Government should accordingly be in a position to transfer some of the energy and materials now devoured by military defence activities to the gratification of popular consumption requirements, and thereby still further improve the mood and condition of the civilian population—factors very helpful in wartime.

The cashiering of the bread cards means not only that there is now enough bread in the country to satisfy demand, but that there is every likelihood of normal agricultural production and normal retail distribution in the future. The destructive phase of agrarian collectivisation is at an end, and the Socialist village can feed the Socialist city. Bread cards were introduced in 1928, because the capitalistic peasantry could not or would not grow enough food. Since then Soviet agriculture has passed through purgatory and hell. The costs and the losses and the sacrifices have been great, but the net result is a politically more reliable and an economically more productive collectivised village. Before collectivisation, the Soviet system was Janus-faced; one face looked up the Red road towards Socialism, the other wore the well-known features of the Russian moujik. Before collectivisation, the Soviet system stood on one leg, the Socialist city. To-day, by a painful and tortuous process, the regime has acquired a more homogeneous character and a firmer footing. Bolshevism now has one face and two legs. There is no longer any danger that a strengthened private-capitalistic village will lay economic siege to and reduce the Socialist city.

At present, three-quarters of all peasant households and 90 per cent. of all land in the U.S.S.R. are collectivised. Imagine that collectivisation had never taken place. The city, however, would have proceeded with its industrialisation and expansion. The city has given the kolhozi 281,000 tractors, 33,000 combines, 34,000 auto-trucks, and over two million seeders, threshing machines and harvesting machines. Suppose this equipment were now the private possession of private farmers. Those farmers would be a powerful capitalistic force. By mechanising private agriculture, the industrialised city would have been entrenching its own enemy. The thing is inconceivable, and it is one of the reasons why collectivisation had to come together with industrialisation. For, if the Bolsheviks had mechanised the village and then tried to collectivise it, the difficulties and expense would have been even greater than they were.

To-day, having paid the heavy toll, Soviet socialised agriculture is on the uphill. It is not much of an achievement that Russia has enough bread. But when one recalls that as late as 1932 there was, partly through crop failure and mostly through peasant sabotage, a definite food deficit; when one remembers that millions more consume in the cities while millions less produce in the villages; when one considers that collectivisation involved a tremendous diminution in the number of horses and other working animals; when one thinks of all the chaos brought on by the reorganisation of life, work, and thought processes incident to collectivisation, then Soviet

agriculture's rapid turning of the corner is not a small triumph.

Bread will now be sold in an augmented number of State and co-operative stores at one fixed price and in unlimited quantities. As a matter of fact, the rationing system had broken down before it was relinquished. According to the *Pravda*, a quantity of bread equal to 44 per cent. of the bread distributed on cards is now being sold in commercial stores where the size of purchases is not limited. This commercial bread is of far better quality, and people prefer it despite its higher price. Moreover, the ugly red tape, the innumerable questionnaires which every citizen had to fill in before receiving a card, the stealing and other abuses, the speculation by workers who got double and therefore excess rations—all these were demoralising and irritating, and so costly that the Government will economise huge sums by releasing bread from the restrictions. Nevertheless, prices will be raised. The new price beginning January 1st, 1935, will be a mean between the low artificial ration-card price and the high commercial price, but all persons gainfully employed will be granted wage rises equal to the rise in the price of the bread they now consume. The worker will reap some small advantage, because he will buy less bread. There will be no inflation, because the wage rise money will come back to the exchequer in the form of bread price increases. And the chief difference will be that, what with higher price levels, the Government will pay the peasants more for their grain. Growers of tobacco, cotton, flax and other industrial crops will likewise receive higher compensation. Otherwise there would have been a rush to grow cereals, whereas the Government is encouraging the development of technical cultures.

The statement announcing the end of the card system states that the rationing of some products other than bread will also be discontinued and that the prices of manufactured commodities are to be brought down. The peasant with his larger income will consequently be able to buy more factory goods. The city employee with his unchanged income will benefit too, but relatively less than the kolhoz member.

Just as the elimination of bread cards reflects the availability of more bread, so the reduction of goods prices reflects the availability of more manufactured articles. Here, therefore, in concrete, undeniable form, is proof of the agricultural and industrial progress of the Soviet Union. Persons living in or visiting this country can see with their own eyes the speedy, daily increase in the kinds and the volume of city goods sold in stores, as well as the speedy, daily rise in living standards. Hitherto, the impartial observer could pass on this information and ask to be believed. Now these official measures offer incontrovertible evidence. By which I do not mean to suggest that supplies are already adequate. They are only bigger.

The ration system was inaugurated in 1928, not so much because the city was underfed, but because the peasant came into town and bought up the city's bread. If there were much danger of a return to this condition, the system would have been retained. I think the lifting of restrictions on bread sales will actually reduce the amount of bread sold in urban centres, for under the present card distribution much bread is bought only to be exchanged for other products. My maid, for instance, regularly pays with bread for the milk she buys from the peasant women who bring it into Moscow. She is not alone in this practice. But of late the women refuse to take bread. They have enough of it themselves. And the exchange value of bread has fallen. The peasants demand money with which they expect to buy manufactured goods from the State.

The repeal of rationing of bread and some other foods is important because it points the way to a new system of Soviet distribution. The moment there was enough bread in the country and enough goods to pay for the bread, restrictions were cast out and a unified price established. Ultimately, the same will apply to every other article of consumption. At present, one can buy meat at one price in a co-operative store on cards, at another and higher price in a closed factory co-operative, and at a third and still higher price in a commercial store. Those who have access to the closed co-operative are privileged. The moment there is enough meat to go round one price will be fixed, limitations abolished, and the closed co-operatives will become unnecessary. All prices of all commodities in commercial stores and markets have been falling sharply—obviously a result of bigger supplies.

The Soviet rouble is not tied to gold though, technically, part of the currency has a gold cover. The value of the rouble is determined by the volume of goods in the country. In 1931, when there was scarcely anything to buy here, the rouble was practically worthless. And it was constantly depreciating. Now it is valuable and appreciating. For the first time, as far as I can recall, the existence of inflation is now officially recognised; the decree abolishing rationing speaks of the "Soviet rouble which is growing stronger." In the eyes of the Government, however, it was never officially weak. Actually it was very weak. And actually it is growing stronger. The Soviet Union is on the road to a stable parity currency based on a sufficient supply of food and manufactured goods.

One-price trade will mean the disappearance of speculation and waste. It will mean that agricultural production will be stimulated and that draconic methods and pressure for the collection of village products can be abandoned, for the peasant will gladly deliver up his crops if he receives fair compensation in city goods. This will be the chief political significance. It will mean, therefore, a real bond and bridge between socialist city and socialist village. I suspect it will also mean the disappearance of co-operative stores and the monopoly of Government stores. Soviet co-operative stores are, for the most part, already "Statified." They are dirty, inefficient and slow, and when customers can afford it they prefer the open State shops. State trade is pushing out co-operatives, and, soon and for a period at least, co-operative distribution will be dead in the U.S.S.R.

There will remain, after January 1st, 1935, many closed co-operatives where the lucky can buy at reduced prices. The Government proposes gradually to wipe out these stores for the privileged. Everything will be sold in open commercial stores at one price. Inequality, which the Bolsheviks encourage, will then express itself in the inequality of wages based on varying training and talents, but not in inequality of opportunity arising out of varying social position or of official position as at present.

LOUIS FISCHER

A LONDON DIARY

"Now that the point has been conceded, we will go home," concluded Mr. Lansbury after the House of Commons had wasted half an hour or more in discussing a trivial misprint that everyone knew was a misprint. Perhaps they wanted to go home. Perhaps Sir Stafford Cripps, who jumped up at the crucial moment with all the readiness of the oldest parliamentary hand, wanted to show the gentlemen of England on the opposite benches that the Labour Party could play the parliamentary game just as every party has always played it ever since the seventeenth century. Perhaps he realised that the debate was dull and that the discussion about procedure would be more amusing than a further flood of rhetoric. Perhaps by forcing an adjournment on a misprint he hoped to rub in his Party's complaint that the House had to accept or reject the new regulations as a whole, that if no amendments of detail were allowed to the Opposition, then no discretionary amendments of misprints could be allowed to the Government. In any case, it was a smart and successful bit of obstruction and quite in accordance with the best traditions. But was it really wise for the Labour Party to stop a debate on the topic that is supposed to be nearest to Labour hearts, to suggest that they did not really so very much want to discuss the results upon the poor of these regulations? On this subject they have more personal and technical knowledge than any other Party. I doubt, too, whether Labour gains a reputation for honesty by complaining about Government by adminis-

trative order, when it knows well and says often that it cannot carry through its own plans except by the use of similar methods. Above all, I wonder if, on second thoughts, some of those who most enjoyed this bit of Parliamentary tomfoolery do not share my regret at anything that makes Parliament look ridiculous at the very time when Labour is urging against very powerful influences that Parliament is yet capable of carrying out sweeping social change. What will the Labour Party say if, when they are nationalising the banks, the Opposition forces a Parliamentary adjournment by discovering a " that " for a " than " in their regulations?

* * *

Among other war-like toys on display this Christmas, the *Manchester Guardian* describes a German aeroplane which circles round the room, when wound up, and then suddenly drops little bombs which explode with a sharp crack when they hit the floor. Now what is the result of such toys on children? Many pacifists think that they create militarism among the young. I believe they are mistaken in this. You do not make children averse to war by keeping them from familiarity with it or by telling them that it is wicked to hit back. Indeed, I think that very conscientious pacifist parents often make militarists out of their children by preventing their normal development through their natural militaristic phase. The key to the matter is normal development. Most militarists are persons of arrested mentality, and the job of parents is to see their children through their soldiering and adventure stage and help them to develop the intellectual, common-sense and artistic interests which are proper to the adult. One can easily divide the people one meets into three classes: (*a*) those pacifists who are dangerous because they have never faced the natural childish militarist inside themselves, (*b*) militarists who have never developed beyond this stage, and (*c*) people who have been militarists in childhood and grown up into an adult mental life.

* * *

Posters are the Chartres windows or the Assisi frescoes of the present age—the modern method of instructing the populace through visual images. The hoardings are the only picture-galleries ever seen by the majority, and I find myself liking or loathing particular firms on account of their advertisements. Shell is certainly among my favourites, with the Underground, and lately the Post Office, as runners-up. The best Shell posters used usually to be shown only on lorries, and could be studied only when travelling thirty miles an hour; but I am delighted to find these now in Tube stations. At Dorland House, the Regent Advertising Club is at present holding an exhibition which includes a number of propagandist posters from various countries. Pictorially the best are the Danish, the Finnish, and some of the Russian. It was comforting to find that so far as this country is concerned my political and aesthetic preferences coincided, and that for once the devil had the worst tunes. The pacifist posters, especially the comic ones, are excellent, while those issued by the Conservative and National parties are the weakest in the exhibition. The most interesting Russian posters are designed for social instruction. Two of them are anti-alcoholic, one is to encourage learning from foreign experts, several advertise the virtues of sport and culture, and one is designed to spread the use of plants in pots for the decoration of factories. A Spanish Catholic poster represents a villainous looking man in a tarboosh or fez, and I could not at first make out what quarrel pious Spaniards could possibly have with the Angora Government; then I discovered that this terrible Turk represented the Jews.

* * *

One of the most comic letters that I have seen recently in the *Times* was from a gentleman who had switched on his radio to Moscow and had heard someone with a deep, bass voice—he thought the singer's name was something like Robinson—singing the words " Steer away to Jesus." He wanted to know whether this implied any conversion of the Bolsheviks back to Christianity. I expect Paul Robeson, whose rendering of " Steal away to Jesus " is familiar in England as in most parts of the world, was as amused as I was. To-day I have another shock for the gentleman who wrote to the *Times*. A dramatised version of *Pickwick Papers* has just been performed at the Moscow art theatre. Having read *Pravda's* comment on the performance, I hasten to assure him that this does not mean that Russia is converted into a bourgeois State. *Pravda's* critic points out that Dickens " idealised " England and the producer had realised this at least until the last act. He showed how rogues and rascals overcame the good-natured Mr. Pickwick who was " compelled to recognise the fearful power of money."

> Unfortunately the end strikes a jarring note; the irony disappears in a whirl of weddings, congratulations, kisses and embraces. It should have been brought home to the spectator that all this happiness is only a pin point of land in a stormy sea.

Perhaps this performance did really convey something of the spirit of Dickens.

* * *

" Low," I said, " I notice with regret that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, which has reviewed almost every other book published this Christmas, has not said a word about the *Rake's Progress* by David Low and Rebecca West (Hutchinson, 8*s.* 6*d.*). I have spent a pleasant and malicious half-hour recognising all the people who are not supposed to be recognised in your drawings, and Rebecca West's text is witty, and something more than witty too." " I should think it is about time you woke up to the book of the season," replied Low with emphasis, but without rancour (for he is a good-natured man, not like some Great Authors), " but if you do review it do not begin, as other reviewers have, ' Low is no Hogarth.' " " No," I said with my usual wit and something more than usual tact, " I shall say, ' Low! a greater than Hogarth is here!' "

* * *

The truth, which may just be percolating into the minds of the British Public, is that Low is a very Serious Social Satirist as well as a superb draftsman and wit. Compare him with Fougasse, whose annual collection *Fun Fair* (Hutchinson, 9*s.* 6*d.*) is also calculated to amuse. I enjoy Fougasse: some of his little picture stories, *Tact*, for instance, and the *Horn that Stuck*, are the best things that a man can hope to find in a dentist's waiting room. They are extremely clever and they make you laugh. But the world will forget Fougasse as it forgets other good jokes. It will remember Low for the same reasons that it remembers Hogarth. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5s. for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. H. L. Murray.

All cuttings should be addressed to " This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

To attribute matrimonial disputes to " sex " is to heap Ossa upon Pelion, to indulge in morbid suggestion.—Letter in *Times*.

At last Conservatives have grasped the importance of feminine good looks, Lady Janet Bailey (dark and handsome), Lady Diane Cooper (a miracle of loveliness), Lady Melchett (a golden page), Mrs. Cunningham Reid (classical and Titian) are helping to-night at the Steeplechase Ball—don't be misled, regulars, it has nothing to do with racing, it means a check on socialism!—*Tatler*.

The speech made a panic grave enough to bring about a Friday sitting of the Lords.—*Sunday Times*.

I started life as an Episcopalian, but as I matured I came to broaden my views, until now I find that, while fundamentally still an Episcopalian, I am a Buddhist, a Mohammedan, a Christian Scientist, a Jew, a Roman Catholic, and a Protestant. To me, they are all " that near " to one another. I try to express in my films this belief in the " oneness " of things spiritual.—Cecil B. De Mille in *Film Weekly*.

A Referee's Nose.—Spectator pays £2 for tweaking it. English sport must be kept clean, the bench intimated.—*Star*.

Walter Ednam, 21, an unemployed green-grocer's assistant, of Ashbourne Road, Mitcham, was at Croydon sentenced to three months' hard labour for fraudulently using electricity at a telephone kiosk at Mitcham. It was stated that he called up the operator, addressed her as " my dear," said he did not want any number, and left the box without paying.—*Daily Telegraph.*

" I like the Women of the Bible very much, and the illustrations are really beautiful," says Mrs. B. Lane, of Ludlow, Salop. " If the Bible were only written as attractively as the Women of the Bible is, more people would read, and, better still, would understand it." —*Daily Herald.*

Parliamentarians are greatly intrigued by the silence of Mr. Lloyd George and his family group in regard to the Indian policy of the Government. They did not even vote on the resolution. That cannot be due to their leader having no views on the subject. He has evidently decided to bide his time. One theory is that he regards the proposals as going either too far or not far enough.—*Newcastle Journal.*

The Government's acute sense of the psychological moment will have caused most of our readers to receive, in the last few days, an income-tax demand, humorously garnished with the suggestion, " Post Early." Our advice is, " Put it out of your mind, at any rate for the present." It deadens the sense of citizenship if one's obligations to the State are too easily liquidated, and payment of these sums will be all the more praiseworthy, because slightly more difficult, after the New Year.—*Evening News.*

Ensembles.—We emphasise the silhouette as of *first* importance in evening clothes for older boys.—Advt. in *Punch.*

THE OLD SUBJECT

It is a good many years since I first wrote about Christmas. I began on a somewhat abusive and derisive note. That was when I was living in a bed-sitting-room. When I moved into a flat, I became more tolerant. When I left the flat for a house and became a full-blown ratepayer, I capitulated and, like nearly every other ratepayer, developed a vein of exaggerated sentimentality at the first piping of " Good King Wenceslaus " through the mouth of the letter-box in my hall-door.

There was nothing deliberate in this change of mood. I doubt whether Mark Tapley himself could have felt the Father-Christmas spirit stealing irresistibly through his being in a back bed-sitting-room in Pimlico. I remember how, on my first Christmas morning in London, my landlady brought a breakfast of vile coffee and bread-and-butter to my bedside, sniffed hard several times, and said: " There's a funny smell in this room. Seems like a dead bird." I suddenly remembered that a hamper, containing among other things a chicken, had arrived a day or two before from relations, and that I had put it under the bed and left it there. This was not so unreasonable a proceeding on my part as you might think. The truth is, I did not know what to do with the bird, and had left it in the hamper in order to have time to think. I could not give it away since it was a present. On the other hand, as I had no meals in my lodgings except breakfast, I saw no means of getting the bird cooked. My landlady, however, on hearing that there was a chicken under the bed, enthusiastically insisted on cooking it. " But it may be too far gone," I protested. " Leave that to me," she said; " I'm not going to let you waste a good chicken." I do not know what tricks she played with it; but I can vouch for it that, with the help of strong sauces, it was not at all bad.

But what a dismal day it was, relieved only by the company of a friend who called on me after breakfast! London on Christmas Day was a dead city. Only the meanest shops were open. Only the most miserable people were anywhere except in the churches or in their homes. To walk through the streets was about as cheerful as a stroll in a prison yard under a leaden sky. My friend and I lunched in a chop-house near Charing Cross Station—a chop-house that was the very picture of desertion and melancholy. I had looked forward to going to a theatre, but found that, contrary to the custom in my own city, the theatres were closed. I would gladly have gone asleep till the day was over, but, after spending the afternoon in a hollyless studio, my friend and I took a bus into the middle of London again, and sat slowly drinking London stout till closing time. Then we returned to the studio, and about one in the morning my friend, who took an extraordinary interest in the conversation of policemen, said: " Shall I go out and fetch a bobby in for a drink? " I said that I did not mind, and, after a quarter of an hour or so, my friend came back with the most dismal Jemmy of a policeman that even joined the force. How the man groused as he drank whisky after whisky hour after hour! There was no justice, he declared, in the system of promotion in the police-force, and he himself seemed to have spent most of his professional life in being victimised by superior officers, who had taken a dislike to him. By the time four o'clock had come round, I sympathised strongly with his superior officers. After he had left between four and five o'clock on the plea that he was on duty, my friend said: " Decent chap that. Seems to have had a rotten time." I was by then too exhausted to disagree, and crept up a ladder to a gallery where I tried to sleep on a mattress that had more bumps in it than if it had been devised by the Devil as a bed of torment.

It may be said that, with a friend to talk to and to listen to, I ought to have been happy even in a London that wore its saddest, drabbest face. One's surroundings affect one's spirits, however, even in the company of a friend, and anyhow the point is that to a lodger in Pimlico, churchless and friendless, any day of the year is preferable to Christmas Day. If I am asked why I did not go to church and so take part in one of the communal pleasures of the day, I can only answer that the church in which I was brought up did not in my boyhood celebrate Christmas Day as a religious occasion. We left that to the Romanists and the Episcopalians, those sojourners in the half-way house to Rome. That we had not to go to church on Christmas morning seemed to me as a child one of the great advantages of being a Presbyterian. Now I am not so sure of this. I would rather be in church, I tell myself, than be tramping the Vauxhall Bridge Road when it is looking its most mournful. At the same time, I must admit that it is a little hard on a child to be dragged to church from its Christmas toys and books and not to be allowed to settle down to enjoy them till after it has been stupefied by a Christmas dinner. The Puritanical celebration of Christmas, with its orgy of pleasure, has much to be said for it in the nursery. In a Pimlico lodging-house, however, one begins to see that a hedonistic case can be made out for the thorough-going ritualist.

Christmas is obviously either the happiest or the most depressing time of the year, according to one's circumstances. The homeless man would gladly see it cut out of the calendar. In the warm security of home, however, the day begins as a universal birthday, even if in the afternoon it wanes into the stupidity of somnolence. How happy, how doubly good-natured everybody seems, bright as the holly-berries above the pictures on the wall! How good beyond belief is every episode in the ritual of the day! Even a great war stood still in order that men might commemorate the heralding of peace on earth and that good Christian men might rejoice for a brief interval between bloodshed and bloodshed. It may seem odd that men so deeply moved should be able to resume so easily the practice of killing each other. But, being human, we cannot live always in Arcadia.

This year I expect to spend Christmas in an hotel. How sad a declension! But I cannot refuse the chance of getting out of London for a day or two by the sea. The hotel, I am told, is quiet—so quiet that scarcely anybody goes to it except invalids and that one looks eccentric if one arrives unaccompanied by a nurse. That is the kind of hotel I like—at Christmas. The worst of most English hotels is that the management takes the festival in hand and organises amusements for

the visitors, compelling them to play games and dressing them in paper hats and caps at the dinner table. I do not like to have to throw little balls of wool at men and women I do not know when I would rather be getting on with my plum pudding, I do not like being hit in the eye with a ball of wool by a strange child. When once the throwing of things has begun, I confess I find it pleasant enough, and I do not always remain untouched and unelated by the battle-fury of the hour. But theoretically I am against it. I object to being pushed into organised festivities. I do not feel free if the management has arranged how I shall enjoy every hour of the evening.

Hence I would never willingly go to one of those Christmas gala nights in the London restaurants. This jazzing of Christmas seems to me to savour of joyless atheism. Restaurants on Christmas Day, I imagine, are the resort of the unhappy. To dine in them is a confession of friendlessness, homelessness. Better the most outrageous sentimentality, the most fatuous benevolence, than putting one's Christmas happiness into the hands of the manager of a restaurant.

I, myself, will do my best to feel and look fatuously benevolent when the day arrives. Every present, every card, I receive, will raise my opinion of my fellow-men, and, if there are no festivities in the hotel, I have no doubt I shall enjoy myself. Anybody playing "The Mistletoe Bough" shall get a penny from me—if the sun is shining, sixpence. If the food is bad, I will not quarrel with it. If I feel bored, I will try not to show it. In short, I will be the most charitable man alive for twenty-four hours, rejoicing in the fact that it will be twelve months before I have to write another article on Christmas. Y. Y.

THE VOICE THAT BREATHED O'ER EDEN

OR

THE GENIUS OF GENEVA

I SPRAY cool showers on the heated Powers,
In international scenes,
Ease strained relations between Croatians
And hot-on-the-scent Slovenes.
I soothe alarms raised by States-in-arms
And, saved from their own supporters,
I keep the Slavs, already in halves,
From carving themselves in quarters.

I play the shepherd to wolf and leopard,
I fondle the lion's paws,
And show the eagle it's quite illegal
To rend the lamb in its claws.
Through me the weak can vent their pique,
(And never the strong yelled louder)
With joy extreme they can let off steam
So long as they save the powder.

When diplomats talk through their hats
And gall is flowing free,
With me at luncheon they bury the truncheon
And frequently kiss by tea.
Though bloodstained Japs may quit perhaps,
And Teutons are simply appalling,
I call them still, like the lost Brazil,
And shall to the end be calling.

I left and right shed sweetness and light,
I sit on world-wide abuses,
I scatter notes from my petticoats
And my bosom is bulging with truces.
I waft my orders to distant borders
At the boom of the first attack,
With mind to soften, but all too often
My orders are wafted back.

My voice delivers the world from rivers,
And possibly seas, of blood,
I blunt each blow at the *status quo*
And therefore my name is mud.
Each new alliance may shout defiance
And tension each day increase,
Whoever pleases may keep the pieces
So long as I keep the peace. SAGITTARIUS

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE ANT

ON the grass and thyme-covered cliffs of Devon and Cornwall and on the Cotswolds of Gloucestershire, there is still to be seen, by those who look at the right time and in the right localities, one of our rarer English butterflies, the Large Blue (*Nomiades arion*). This little creature, which is not so very much larger than the common blue, and would scarcely be noticed by any but an observant eye, has a life history of the strangest, and is so peculiarly adapted to the extravagant idiosyncrasies of its fate as to make any simple believer in the evolution of species through adaptation to environment pause and wonder.

The butterfly is to be seen flying during the last week in June and in July; it flutters close to the grass, like other members of its tribe, and the females can be seen depositing their minute eggs on the petals of the wild thyme flowers.

When the little caterpillar emerges from the egg it begins to feed on the downy exterior of the blossoms, and will in time work its way to the base of the petals. Besides its vegétable food it will readily devour any of its fellows that it may meet, and is at this period of its life voraciously cannibalistic. In shape it is like a small wood-louse. Like all other caterpillars it must change its skin as it grows, and for the first two skin-changes it remains feeding on the flower heads. After the third skin-casting, the habit of the caterpillar changes. It becomes restless, drops off the flower head and begins to walk. It has been described by Captain E. B. Purefoy, who has worked out the history of this insect with great exactitude, as walking as though it wanted something and did not know what. It walks and it walks until by chance it meets an ant. It is a remarkable fact that the eggs are usually laid by the mother insect on tufts of thyme that are growing upon ants' nests.

At the first meeting with the ant, the caterpillar shows no sign of recognising its future fate, but the ant recognises the caterpillar. She will begin at once to stroke and caress the caterpillar with her antennae and feet. On the tenth segment of the caterpillar there is a pore which has the power of secreting and exuding a sweet kind of honey-dew. As soon as the ant begins her caresses, the caterpillar exudes a drop of dew, which the ant sucks up. Other ants may come and join in this "wooing" of the caterpillar and subsequent milking. Many drops of dew are exuded.

After a time, prompted by some unexplained and mystic sympathy, the caterpillar prepares itself to be carried off. It gives the signal to the ant by assuming a most extraordinary attitude, swelling up the thoracic segments. The ant, on receiving this signal (and it is always the original ant that responds and not the late-comers), gets well astride the caterpillar, and seizes it gently in its jaws, holding it immediately behind the hunched up thoracic segments. It then sets off at a quick pace and carries the grub to its nest down underground, and deposits it in one of the chambers where the young ant grubs are being nurtured.

From this time onwards the caterpillar lives on the defenceless white ant grubs, and in exchange for this hospitality it gives to the ants its honey-dew, when with their antennae or their feet they caress the pore on the tenth segment. Experiments have been tried to stimulate this flow by other means than ant-caresses. The pore has been gently tickled with the tip of a very fine paint-brush. But no response has been made. Only to the touch of the ant is the insect sensitive.

All through the remaining weeks of the summer the caterpillar feeds on the ant larvae, and when autumn comes it hibernates in the underground cell together with the ants. In the spring it wakes up again and recommences feeding. In late May or early June it will pupate. For three weeks it will rest in the chrysalis, and at the end of that time it emerges as a butterfly. Its wings are at first unexpanded, mere limp and shrivelled leaves that droop on each side of the body. How unlikely a place—the dark underground of an ant's nest—for a butterfly to find itself! And how dangerous one would suppose, for ants will often devour butterflies, springing upon them and pulling them from the grass stems where they sometimes doze. But this butterfly, crumpled, helpless, deep within their own nest, the one-time devourer of their children, is free to crawl through the dark passages, up towards the light. Why is it exempt? Why does it not perish? It possesses no longer any seductive honey-pore. Nothing that it can offer as a bribe for its exemption; yet it has a free passage as far as the ants are concerned, and if it does not lose its way in the dark, it wins at last to the outer world, crawls up a grass stem, and there begins the rhythmical pumping movement which fills the veins of the wings with its pale yellowish-green blood. They expand and hang over the back folded together. In time the blood hardens, giving to the wings the necessary firmness.

The life history is complete, and the butterfly who, we must presume, is quite unconscious of its cannibalistic childhood and its ant-devouring adolescence, now uncoils its long proboscis preparatory to the innocent sipping of nectar.

How was such a creature evolved? Is it conceivable to imagine such a sequence of adaptations as the result of small continuous variations? Or did the honey-pore spring into existence as a mutation? And if so, did the disposition to drop from the food plant and take to a wandering life synchronise with the origin of this mysterious organ. When did the first ant meet the first caterpillar, and did the first caterpillar hunch itself into a convenient shape, to allow the ant to carry it off without too much trouble, or were these habits learnt by practice and perfected through generations of experience? Why does the ant hold its hand, or rather its jaws, and spare the helpless butterfly, that under other circumstances it would devour? Are all these characteristics, so firmly established and so definite in both insects, to be explained by calling them fortuitous mutations? Does that really mean anything?

Will any of the classical theories of Evolution, Neo-Lamarckian or Neo-Darwinian, account for the strange sequence of facts in the life of the Large Blue?

E. L. GRANT-WATSON

Correspondence

THE END OF AN EPOCH

SIR,—It is time something was done to challenge openly the smug scepticism and intellectual frivolity of what I may call "modern age." This is evident at every point in Mr. Joad's article.

"Modern Age" is a unique phenomenon in the history of civilisation, at least, so it seems to "Modern Youth." It is best represented in England by Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells and Bertrand Russell and the wide circles of literary and business people who find them "exciting," but these have been well supported since the war by Aldous Huxley, Mr. Joad himself and other reactionaries. It resembles all generations of "the old" in its conservatism of outlook, its self-satisfaction, and its tenacious holding on to a vested interest, long after that vested interest has served a useful purpose. But it is unique in the entirely negative character of its convictions. It has no beliefs (except a belief in the value of reason, which no ordinary young man has ever denied); no dogmas, yet it tries to perpetuate in a ceaseless stream of "Social Impressionism" its mobile scepticism. That there is a gulf between the "intellectuals" and the "others" is obvious, but is a matter for diagnosis rather than lament.

The "art of conversation," that is to say, the art of brilliant but inconclusive "waffling," which is Bernard Shaw now and almost the whole generation of them at their worst, has declined. "Listening," in the sense of subscribing to such talk, is also becoming a "dead art." Mr. Joad is right again in suggesting that "the new modes of conduct, new conceptions of society, new scales of value, which the pre-war generation learnt from Shaw and Wells are no longer exciting." It is pretty clear from the recent correspondence and writings of Shaw, Wells and Keynes in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION that such new positives do not exist for them and never did; while for the two latter the Russian experiment has no message because they have not grasped even the elements of Marxian thought, for the former it has the thrill of a new intellectual toy, and his appalling levity and desire to make all the personal capital he can out of the complexities of politics are palpably obvious in his recent defence of Russia, on the singular ground that it uses as a political weapon that most efficient weapon, Extermination. But extermination is the negation of politics, just as conversation is often the negation of thought, and "social impressionism" is the negation of science.

Mr. Joad explained that we are "eager, terribly eager for any kind of leadership and guidance." And why is this? Because, in fact, most people want to change the present state of affairs, and few have the ability to act usefully on their own. It is the want of decisive leadership from the "intellectuals" which has caused youth in desperation to turn to men like Hitler in Germany or Frank Buchman, "Tubby" Clayton, Baden-Powell and the various group-idols of modern England, men who make up in practical vitality for what they lack in intellectual virtuosity. Mr. Joad shows his complete psychological innocence in assuming that because modern youth is "not listening," (in the sense of not arguing, I suppose) therefore it is not understanding; because it is serious, therefore it is unreasonable; because it is enthusiastic, therefore it is self-confident in its own convictions. He confuses conversation with intelligence, and myth with dogma. In fact, anyone who has attended a discussion group of Rover Scouts, or Toc H workers, or listened carefully to the conversation of the Salariat, so ferociously eager to learn, will come to a conclusion far different from Mr. Joad. Far from being dogmatic, members of youth movements are so precariously plastic and susceptible that they will use any set of ideas which seems to them to promise practical fruition. But they differ from the previous generation in an instinctive distaste for "ideation" *in vacuo*—hence the natural tendency to treat Shaw lightly and Bluebooks solemnly. The "flight to the herd" is a phenomenon of special interest, and a sign of social neurosis, but there is this difference between Pacifism, which is the legacy of the intellectuals, and Fascism: that Pacifism is sterile or negative in its effects—in fact, it often intensifies militarism—while Fascism in its embryo-form in English group movements does represent positive social activity of a fumbling kind.

Finally, Mr. Joad suggests there is to-day a conflict between "civilisation" and "barbarism." In stating that its issue depends in his view "less on the outcome of blind economic forces than upon human will and effort—the *will and effort of my generation*—" he seems vaguely to venture on self-criticism. But the epoch of which Mr. Joad celebrates the Requiem is no advertisement of the efficacy of the propaganda of what we may in time come to call the "Social Impressionists." By their brilliant iconoclasm they may have shaken the roots of the old order, but by their refusal to substitute a constructive alternative in action, they have constantly and faithfully been playing into the hands of the warmongers and capitalists ever since. In many ways we are worse off to-day than we were in 1900, so strong has been the swing-back from the abstract caperings of the intelligentsia. But there is at least one definite ray of hope, and that is the much-lamented fact that "modern youth" is seriously determined on action.

I therefore suggest that while sound intellectual leadership is manifestly urgent, only those who are prepared to give it in terms of immediate practical politics are likely to succeed in attracting "modern youth" from such a pseudo-Socialism as Fascism or Nazism into a genuine pragmatic Socialism. HAROLD STOVIN

WORK OR MAINTENANCE

SIR,—At the end of your editorial comment upon the new Unemployment Assistance Regulations you urge, as you and others have urged before, that "work or maintenance" should

be a recognised "civic right." If, as you imply, this means something radically different from the Government's *discretionary* scheme of maintenance, some of your readers are really anxious to understand it.

Do you mean that full maintenance is to be a legal right (like benefit), irrespective of the claimant's other resources? Savings and family earnings are, of course, already partially protected under the discretionary system.

Will work be publicly provided at full wages for men and women of all sorts and capacities? And, finally, what about compulsion? Will a man's right to his rate of maintenance remain unimpaired if he refuses the prescribed work because he prefers to wait for something else?

If the answer to the above three questions is "No," then it may be that the difference between the proposed and the present system will not be one of principle after all.

39 Lansdowne Road, W.11. RONALD C. DAVISON

[This letter is referred to in our editorial comments.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SCHOOLMASTER AND POLITICS

SIR,—On November 27th, 1933, I received from the Headmaster of Clifton College, where I had been a master for 12½ years, a letter terminating my engagement on April 3rd, 1934. I pressed the Headmaster to state his reason for dismissing me, but for 2½ months could obtain no satisfaction. However, on February 16th, 1934, in a "testimonial" he finally made the points clear. "Mr. Reade," he wrote, "is a man of high character. . . . He is very much interested in local government and it is because he does not see eye to eye with our School council in the matter of candidature for a seat on the City Council that he is leaving us at the end of this term."

I fancy that my "testimonial" must be unique in the annals of the Public Schools. It is the culmination of the following incidents, which may, I think, interest your readers.

(1) At the General Election of 1924 I publicly supported the Labour candidate for West Bristol, the parliamentary division in which I lived and in which the College is situated.

(2) During 1925 I was invited to accept nomination (*a*) as parliamentary candidate for an important West of England city, and (*b*) as municipal candidate for one of the West Bristol wards. In October, 1925, the College Council declared the positions of adopted parliamentary candidates and assistant-master to be incompatible, but no objection was raised to my standing for the city council.

(3) On November 1st, 1925, I contested one of the semi-residential wards on which control of the city council depends and each subsequent November till 1932 I contested the same or some similar ward. No objection was ever raised by the school authorities (though in reply to a letter from me the Headmaster stated on November 20th, 1930, that at election times he received many complaints from "people of good position in Bristol of a Clifton master standing as a Socialist," and admitted that his enjoyment of social events in Bristol was somewhat interfered with as a result. He added: "I always make a point of saying that you never neglect any of your school work even on election days, that you are willing to undertake work out of school; that if you are elected, you quite recognise that you cannot do anything which interferes with your school work; and that you are not attempting to convert our boys to your views. . . . I do this regularly, and I think you can rely on the fact that I always stand up for your sense of duty.")

(4) On November 1st, 1932, another Clifton master contested a ward in Bristol as a "Citizens" (anti-Labour) candidate and was heavily defeated. (In my own campaign I published a leaflet giving the result of some research I had been doing on the effect of the Derating Act in Bristol, the prices paid for building land round Bristol, the desirability of municipalising the water supply and the need for some alternative to the rates system for raising local revenue. This leaflet aroused considerable discussion).

(5) On January 30th, 1933, I was re-adopted for the ward I fought in 1932. On March 24th, 1933, in the absence of the Headmaster, who was away for the term ill, and without consulting him, the College Council, on the recommendation of the Second Master, passed a resolution declaring the position of an adopted municipal candidate and an assistant-master to be incompatible. The Second Master based his advice on the fact that (*a*) too many masters might want to stand, (*b*) "the heat engendered in local politics" might prejudice "thoughtless people" against the school, (*c*) Council work took too much time and (*d*) the political parties could not complain, as both were being treated alike.

(6) On May 29th, the Headmaster announced the terms of the resolution at the monthly Masters' meeting. In a long discussion it was pointed out that (*a*) and (*b*) did not seem very serious dangers, and that (*c*) was not relevant to the resolution, which referred to candidature and not councillorship. In regard to (*d*) I observed that I was much more deeply committed to my political party than my colleague to his, and added that the fact that I had on seven or eight occasions occupied the twin position of municipal candidate and assistant-master, without any harm to my school work, appeared to prove that the two positions were not in actual fact incompatible. An amendment to exempt any master who had already stood as a candidate was finally passed by a large majority, but was rejected on July 24th by the Council.

(7) During October, 1933, I repeatedly asked the Headmaster whether he proposed to terminate my contract, if I refused to go back on my undertaking of January 30th to stand for election, but could get no clear answer. Three weeks after the election, on November 27th, I received notice to leave.

(8) On January 30th, 1934, I appealed without success to the Council against the Headmaster's notice of dismissal. I appeared in person, but the Chairman with whom I had conducted all the preliminary negotiations was not present. Despite a written request from me neither the Headmaster nor the Second Master was present, and in the absence of the Chairman the "question and answer" procedure which he had outlined to me was abandoned and no opportunity for questions was given. I complained to the Council that I suspected political prejudices behind the resolution and actually had documentary evidence to show that I had been libelled in my professional capacity by the brother of a prominent member of their body, who was a leader in local political circles. No attempt was made to examine my evidence; I was gently but firmly bowed out of the room.

(9) In November, 1934, I drew up a memorandum on my case for submission to the committee of the Headmasters' Conference, but the chairman refused to allow it to be circulated on the ground that the issue was one which lay "outside the scope of the Conference."

R. ST. JOHN READE

61 Parliament Hill, N.W.3.

ASPECT OF MODERN POETRY

SIR,—When I wrote the letter to you which appears in your issue of December 8th, I had not read the attack on me by a Mr. Pickering in that of December 1st. Since I am travelling, this had only just reached me, together with the following issue.

Mr. Osbert Sitwell's letter presents the case so admirably that there is little left for me to say about Mr. Pickering. May I, however, add to Mr. Sitwell's advice to this gentleman to read Mr. Eliot's poems instead of Dr. Leavis' criticism of them, the advice that before he attacks me quite so violently, he should read both the first chapter of my book and Mr. Pound's poems?

In my first chapter, on page 30, I wrote: "It is only fair to Dr. Leavis to say, however, that much of Dr. Leavis's essay on Mr. Eliot's poetry, in *New Bearings*, would prove invaluable to a reader who is ignorant of the derivations from which Mr. Eliot has drawn some of his images. There may, for instance, be readers who do not know that in Miss J. L. Weston's *From Ritual to Romance*, "The Waste Land" has a significance in terms of Fertility Ritual; and, as Dr. Leavis points out, "Vegetation cults, with their sympathetic magic, represent a harmony of human culture, with the natural environment, and express an extreme sense of the unity of the life. In the modern Waste Land:

> April is the cruellest month, breeding
> Lilacs out of the dead land.

and bringing no quickening to the human spirit." This would, as I have said, prove an invaluable help to the class of reader to which I have alluded.

Mr. Pickering is evidently a member of this class of reader, but he should not, therefore, include me in the same category. Neither *The Golden Bough* nor *From Ritual to Romance* is in the position of the Secret Books on Mount Athos.

Before attacking me about my remarks on Mr. Pound's *Yeux Glauques* and *Siena mi fe; Disfecemi Maremma*, it would have been as well if your correspondent had read these poems. It is as stupid to reproach me for what I have written, as it would be to reproach me, were I to write about King Lear, for mentioning Cordelia.

Your editorial note says, Sir, that Mr. Pickering gives nineteen parallel quotations. I am not at all surprised, especially if we are going to have such parallel quotations as that dealing with the first

appearance of "The Waste Land." In any case, Dr. Leavis is invariably accurate as to facts. I see no reason, however, why this should make it incumbent on me to be *in*accurate.

May I point out, also, that "inert resignation" is scarcely the same thing as the "giving up of the will"? And that talk about "ordinary speech rhythms" and "the breakdown of rhythm" are amongst the commonplaces of criticism?

As for Mr. Grigson, I am afraid he is scarcely a dispassionate critic in the case of my book. However . . . he cannot be blamed, of course, for not knowing that for the last ten years I have been accustomed, in lectures given all over England, to use the particular quotation from Coleridge which he reproaches me for using—and in much the same connection. I must protest, however, against his insinuation that because he evidently did not know, until he read Professor Read's admirable *Form in Poetry*, that Sprung Rhythm is the rhythm of Piers Ploughman and of Skelton, I was also ignorant of this. It is an amazing assumption on his part. Nor, I am afraid, can I pretend that Sprung Rhythm is an innovation, simply because Professor Read has said it is *not*. Incidentally the "howler" Mr. Grigson has quoted has horrified me as much as it has delighted him.

Finally, as to Mr. Stonier, when he criticises my book (which, did he but know it, has considerable points of interest technically), I will answer him. So far, he has confined himself to reproaching me for knowing, in common with Dr. Leavis, the date 1066 (to quote Mr. Sitwell).

I have never seen your protégés Messrs. Pickering and Geoffrey Grigson, so know nothing of either their ages or personal appearance. But as you are such a stickler for facts, I will accept the implication contained in your incomplete editorial quotation from the *Mikado*. It is kind of you to take Messrs. Pickering and Grigson under your wing tra la; but you might have tempered hospitality with a sense of humour. EDITH SITWELL

129 Rue Saint-Dominique,
Paris VIIe.

THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS

SIR,—I note in your current issue an account of the death of Erich Mühsam. It must come as a sharp reminder to many who do not realise that, in spite of the much restricted amnesties, many thousands of not only political opponents of the present regime in Germany, but also quite innocent hostages, are still suffering in camps of detention and prison, some awaiting trial, some perhaps never to be tried, some even tried and acquitted, like Torgler exactly twelve months ago.

A lurid light upon the conditions to which these victims are exposed was shed at the trial last month before the People's Court of members of the Independent Socialist Party (S.A.P.). An observer reports that, at the opening of the evidence of Staatskomissar von Plotho, who had been in charge of the preliminary examination, the prisoners began to question about their treatment, alleging that they had been beaten and maltreated to extort confession. The public was immediately excluded. When the Court was reopened to the public it became known that Staatskomissar von Plotho had refused to answer on oath the prisoners' questions regarding their treatment.

Since its inception, our Committee has done its best to safeguard the rights of such prisoners by legal representation, or by directing public attention to secure mitigation of treatment or release in some of the most serious cases. Lack of means has, of course, prevented it from dealing with more than a tiny fraction of its task. None the less a certain amount of success has been achieved. May we appeal to your readers to remember, at this season of the year, that there can be few directions in which financial assistance is more urgently needed or can be more useful.

Dimitroff Committee, F. W. PETHICK-LAWRENCE,
11 Old Square, London, W.C.2. Chairman

FILM CENSORSHIP

SIR,—Why does not Miss Ellen Wilkinson get her facts right? The British Board of Film Censors has rejected *Refugees* just as it rejected *Mother*, presumably because it is propagandist; Miss Wilkinson will have to look elsewhere for proofs that the Board has a particular political bias. Actually *Refugees* was passed by the L.C.C. for exhibition within its own administrative area. The *Daily Worker* seized on this to accuse the Labour L.C.C. of a Nazi bias because the Conservative L.C.C. turned down certain Soviet films!

Everyone knows the quandary in which the British Board of Film Censors finds itself when a film with a political bias is submitted to it. This was made particularly clear when *Mother* was submitted and rejected. (I quote from Ivor Montagu's *Political Censorship of Films*):

> Reply by the President of the Board: he personally agrees that this tenour would probably do no harm, might do good, but he cannot disguise from himself the fact that his own view is not shared by many members of the population, nor by the Government, and it is therefore his duty to forbid the film.

As on many occasions the Board of Film Censors had to consider the Government's wishes rather than their own. As Miss Knowles says in her book, *The Censor, the Drama, and the Film*, "The Board is thus left to bear the brunt of a decision with which it may heartily disagree, but which is forced upon it." Being, in theory, an unofficial body it knows that it could, in fact, be wiped out by any Government which like to appoint an official Governmental censorship board, so that the Board has to try to hold a position between the wishes of the film producers and the public, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, all the other bodies which make representations in which threats of dissolution are always implicit. "Who then is the Censor?" asks Miss Knowles.

> The Censor is Society, the Church, Educational Authorities, the local Fire Brigade, the Police, the Board of Trade, the Admiralty, the War Office, the Home Office, the Foreign Office, the Lords and the Commons.

35 Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.1. WILLIAM FARR

"PITY THE POOR PEDESTRIAN"

SIR,—It is sad to see that your contributor Mr. R. E. Davidson is afflicted by the narrow mind so common to those who write about motoring.

He states that "There is a marked deceleration of traffic, which is a grievous nuisance to us all."

For him and his fellow correspondents there is only one kind of traffic—motor traffic. They give no heed to the huge volume of pedestrian traffic which has been getting to be increasingly slower, more dangerous, and more mud-bespattered ever since motors were first introduced. Nor do they ever, or hardly ever, make any reference to the object of the safety crossings—the reduction of the frightful list of road casualties which they are intended to achieve.

Mr. Davidson's statement that there is a marked deceleration of traffic is not borne out by my own observations and experiences. I find that it takes no longer now to go by bus or taxi from A to B than it did before, and I am told that bus services running to time tables have not been altered.

On the other hand, I find that as a pedestrian it is safer and quicker now to move about the streets, and there is less waiting on the kerb or on an island while cars go streaming past with unconcern for the poor pedestrian. HUGH T. KER

4 Dean's Yard, S.W.1.

HOME OFFICE PREROGATIVE

SIR,—So far from my letter being (as Mr. Clark says) "based on a complete misapprehension of the functions of a jury as at present understood in English law," his own letter is based on a complete misapprehension of the functions of the Home Secretary "as at present understood in English law," and (let me add) by the English people.

I dare say that in the days of Scroggs and Jeffreys, had a jury dared to add to their verdict of guilt the most timorous plea for mercy, those illustrious Judges would have wagged a forensic forefinger (as Mr. Clark wags one at me) and bade them "Have a care!"

But Time marches on; Law is a living and humane growth and no longer a petrified barbarism.

If the jury's verdict "consists merely in the finding 'Guilty' or 'Not Guilty,'" how comes it that when the jury so greatly presume as to wander from their strict province into that of mercy, they are not sternly rebuked by the Judge (as Jeffreys would have rebuked them)? More often than not their recommendation is solemnly approved by the Court.

Lately a jury recommended to mercy a mother who, from the dock, and after sentence of death, claimed to have, in mercy, terminated the agonies of an afflicted son.

Every lawyer knows that, had the Home Secretary hanged that

mother, he and his Administration would have fallen to the righteous anger of the people; and that Law itself would have been brought into hatred and contempt. If the Home Secretary dare not tamper with the recommendation in one case, how dare he tamper with it in another? Who is he to discriminate and to set himself above the jury?

Jurors are beginning to see that for the Home Secretary to fly in the face of their recommendation to mercy is an insult and an impudent affront to their sacred and supreme charge. This will lead (if it has not already done so) to strange and perplexing verdicts in capital cases. Jurors will teach the Home Secretary that they are no less sensitive of a slight to their office than is the head of the criminal judiciary; that the noose is in their hands and not his; that their expressed mercy to the condemned shall not be his but theirs, declaring that of their King at whose summons they on behalf of the nation assumed their frightful task.

And if this be "revolutionary," myriads will say "Long live such revolution." W. J. WENHAM

5 Gray's Inn Square, W.C.1.

P.S.—Since this letter was written, I learn that, on the blessed Eve of Christmas, the Home Secretary is going to hang a woman and a mother, strongly recommended to mercy by the jury. Clad in his little brief authority let him do it. He brings nearer to a common doom his Government and the gallows.—W. J. W.

DOGS AND BABIES

SIR,—My experience as a mother of seven children, accords well with that of the girl, in your last "This England" column "who did not need a nurse for her baby, because the training in the care of small dogs had taught her all that was necessary for motherhood."

Indeed, I would go further and maintain that kennel maids are better trained for motherhood than the diplomées of some modern Nursery Colleges. I have often thought that puppies have a better time than English babies, in the hands of these young professionals. At least the puppy is able to get as much food from its mother as it wants, while many modern babies are allowed to scream for hours on end, because the nurse has been taught rigorously to insist upon a four hours' interval between feeds.

Who knows what nervous ills in later life may not be due to these fits of screaming? MARGARET L. GARNETT

Hampstead.

Miscellany

ARE BALD HEADS ADVANTAGEOUS?

THIS seems a queer question, but it is put in all seriousness. The first answer that suggests itself is a direct negative. No one in this country is supposed to aim at having a bald head, whatever they may do in China, and a good thatch is as much prized and admired as a good figure.

Even bald-headed men themselves do not seem to appreciate the advantages they enjoy. It is not until after time has completely worn out the remembrance of their baldness that they cease to lament their condition. Witness their frantic efforts to keep among the ranks of the bethatched. When the skull begins to show through there is consternation. If not numbered, each hair from that time is cherished with deep affection. Not one but holds its place in its owner's heart, and does its duty nobly. As the locks become thinner, the parting creeps down the side, and finds a resting-place just above the ear, prior to vanishing altogether. When at last the scalp is innocent of garnish, every available side hair is requisitioned, and carried over the top in strings with geometrical regularity, like so many lines of latitude on a globe. Seen from above the skull in this state is an interesting study. But at last these lingering resources give out, the shining cranium asserts itself, and for the first time the man admits he is bald.

It is quite obvious that he saves a lot of money by having no need to go to the hairdresser. Very often he finds it quite sufficient to let his wife skim round him with her scissors every month or so.

A medical journal recently stated that to a doctor a bald head is worth £1,000 a year. Many a practitioner without a practice worth the name would part with a fairly round sum for a good, cheerful, amiable bald head. It may be asked, Why not have his head shaved? The answer is, Because the deception would not last over two days. As soon try to walk on the sea as try to make money out of counterfeit baldness. It can't be done. There is an honesty and truthfulness about a genuine bald head that a razor can never produce.

And what is said of the medical profession is applicable all round, with certain modifications. A bald head stands for wisdom in many a business concern, and draws customers. It favours the assumption of mature philosophy, and makes an impression on people who judge by appearances.

The father of a family gains much from his denuded scalp. It is that more than anything else which gives him the character of a jolly, hearty, generous man which he enjoys. Capped with a profusion of hairs, he would immediately sink in estimation. His very act of mopping the perspiration from the top of his head raises friendly feelings, and when asleep on a hot summer's day, with his silk handkerchief spread over the shining dome and his mouth wide open, he is an object to be tenderly admired.

As to ladies, one dare not venture on an opinion, never having seen a bald-headed woman nor heard of one. Of men, however, it must be repeated, the world would be the loser by the extermination of all those whose character is boldly proclaimed by the graceful protuberances and gentle depressions of a bare skull. ALBERT GRIFFIN

MUSIC IN GERMANY

WE seem to be now witnessing the decline if not the eclipse of music in Germany after one of the most glorious epochs in the history of any art. It is true that the beginning of this deterioration may be placed a good deal further back than most people think, but until recently it might have been held that what was happening was no more than the usual ebb and flow of creative effort. After the wonderful period ending with the death of Schubert the impulse was prolonged sufficiently to produce its final flowerings in Schumann and Brahms, but then it would not have been surprising if there had been a long fallow-time during which the general level of production would sink a good deal below the height of the great classical period.

Actually the situation was complicated by the advent and colossal vogue of Richard Wagner. Without the vulgarising genius of Wagner the deterioration would neither have been so sudden or so complete, but we may say that between the founding of Bayreuth in the early seventies and the death of Wagner in 1883 the final corruption of German music was accomplished. Showmanship and pretentiousness had driven integrity and quality if not altogether out of the concert halls and opera houses certainly out of popular favour and before the colossal clay idol of Richard Wagner, even the most decent musicians were as eager to lay their tributes as the Communist in Russia is to-day to pay lip-service to Stalin, the Fascist in Italy to salute Mussolini, and the Nazi in Germany to cry *Heil Hitler!* It was indeed a matter of life or death, for not to worship Wagner was to put oneself outside the pale of true artists. Was not Wagner the Music of the Future? Who, then, would willingly brand himself as a musician of the past? This terror of being considered old-fashioned and consequently ignored is one of the most potent forces by which men can be enslaved. To be cold-shouldered and treated by everybody as a fool is not a pleasant situation for a young artist, and it is not to be wondered therefore that for fifty years hardly a

voice could be heard lifted against the tyranny of Richard Wagner.

After the war, however, the first signs of a new freedom began to appear. Toscanini converted Vienna to Verdi and Germany also began to rediscover this great composer whose superiority as a musician to Wagner could no longer be disguised. The best of the younger German musicians were soon in full revolt against Wagner and his more superficially refined but also essentially meritricious successor, Richard Strauss. And now we can see what a muddle the introduction of political ideas into the world of music can cause. This incipient regeneration of musical Germany was nipped in the bud by the advent to power of a politician, Adolph Hitler, who happened to have a passion for the music of Wagner. Wagner is now the idol of the Nazis and Richard Strauss, whose eclectic vulgarity was on the point of being universally recognised for what it was has been re-instated. The most eminent of living musicians to-day—and I need only mention the names of Sibelius, Stravinsky, Schnabel—are unanimous in their condemnation of Wagner. It will be found that the most talented of the younger composers and musicians in every country also see Wagner as he really is, a corrupter of the musical sense whose works bears the sort of relation to the classical music of Germany which a sensational Sunday newspaper bears to the prose writings of Swift and Milton.

If one listens to the compositions of Hindemith with a musical ear one will discover that this music is pure, non-erotic and devoid of the café allure of the music of Wagner and Richard Strauss; but if one listens to the music of Hindemith, remembering that he has a Jewish wife, one hears that Hindemith's music is depraved and anti-Nordic. It is striking that all reformers have the same ideology, and it is equally striking that they are all incapable of discrimination. Many people will be sympathetic with the Nazi ideals of purifying morals and art. I am not, because I do not believe in compulsory reform. When Bishop Mager in the middle of the last century uttered the brave words: "I would prefer to see England free and drunk to England compulsorily sober" he shocked numbers of nice well-meaning people, but I think he had the right attitude. Political censorship of the arts is especially ridiculous, and Milton long ago put the case against it with a conclusiveness that has never been shaken.

In the meantime it is amusing to see how a musician like Richard Strauss benefits from the present state of things in Germany. He has not made a single effort to resist the attacks on those of his colleagues who being Jews have now automatically become villains—just as every bourgeois becomes a villain under a Communist regime. But now that Furtwängler, who is not a Jew, has suffered because he has tried to judge musical matters from a purely musical point of view and has not been ready enough to sacrifice musical to political interests, has Richard Strauss interfered or uttered one impartial word in the cause of music? Not at all! Why should he mind if Clemens Krauss replaces Furtwängler at the Berlin Opera? It is well known that Clemens Krauss is a supporter of Richard Strauss and there is no danger that Strauss's pure Nordic operas (like *Salome!*) will now be performed less frequently, quite the contrary.

But I have never heard any German musician even suggest that Clemens Krauss's musical qualifications were as high as Furtwängler's. If one replaces a superior musician by an inferior one it is possible to argue that this may be helping the cause of National Socialism or Communism or Fascism, but it is impossible to argue that it is helping the cause of music. The principle now operative in Germany by which musicians are judged not by their musical qualities but by their readiness to lick the boots of those who are in power for their personal ends is not a principle which will work for the favourable development of music. It seems inevitable that music in Germany is doomed to a period of decline unless the younger generation of musicians can break free from their political thraldom, but this seems very unlikely. The average musician is not sufficiently musical to detect the illusion in a political attitude to music. The high standard in music (as in everything else) is maintained by the few superior minds whose influence is by nature so strong that it compels an instinctive following from the less gifted. This is how a great tradition is established. But when this natural influence is interfered with by external causes it is possible for a rapid deterioration to set in almost without the sufferers being aware of it. It would be possible to put a thoroughly bad and incompetent musician at the head of the Berlin Opera, and provided all superior musicians were removed and all possibility of comparisons done away with then soon the public (except for a few individuals with longer memories or highly endowed by nature) would be completely satisfied.

In the meantime musicians need not grieve too violently for what is happening in Germany to-day. Every extreme provokes its reaction and if German music suffers a temporary eclipse it will certainly come in time and under better circumstances to flourish again.

W. J. TURNER

THE DARK DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

THE dark days of Christmas,
The countrywomen say,
When frost has limned the sleeping earth
And light falls water-like o'er the hills.

These are my days, I say to them,
I love them, they belong to me!
Whether it be at evening when
The speckled starlings clothe the trees,
Clustering thick like darkling leaves,
Or in the dawn before I see
The dark, deserted, desolate nests
Tossing above me emptily.

O exultation of the sorrowing heart
In the wild crying of the lapwing now,
O fierce rejoicing in the wind
Bending the naked, suppliant bough!

EVELYN HARDY

THE ZWEMMER GALLERY

IT is not the fault of Mr. Zwemmer, who must now be recognised as one of the most enterprising and intelligent dealers in London, if the deepest impression left by his mid-winter exhibition is familiar and discouraging. Matisse and Picasso—it is the old, old story—still overshadow their contemporaries (for one does not think of Bonnard and Vuillard as being of their epoch), and there is no sign as yet of a rising generation to match the Fauves and the Cubists, the men who are now fifty and over. Try as one may to puff up Francisco Borès—who appears to be the Zwemmer candidate—till he looks big enough to represent "the young," he remains the good little Spaniard who knows his Paris, who paints nicely, who displays, a shade too clearly perhaps, his taste and ingenuity, who ought to improve and who will never become, I greatly fear, anything better than a *petit maître*.

To be sure, it may be Salvador Dali who is commissioned to raise the red flag. I hope not. There are five drawings by him in the gallery, and upstairs anyone curious to see them will be shown a number of his paintings. These paintings are vulgar trash intended, I surmise, to take in the would-be smart and up to date, in which purpose they have succeeded. In his drawing of familiar objects—a hand, an arm, a head—the feebleness of this tenth-rate Meissonier becomes manifest to any moderately practised and critical eye, wherefore the more wary of his supporters turn from his drawings to his paintings, which they assert to be brilliantly executed. In this they mistake. To genuinely hard, closely knit painting—to the

painting of Holbein say—Dali's painting is what Dali's drawing is to that of Leonardo: it is sham. The fact is, picture-goers are become so used since the Impressionists to broad painting in modern exhibitions that they are willing to take tightness for nerve, just as an uncritical reader saturated in the obscurity of modern poetry might take pellucid obviousness for clear thinking. But because you find a leading article in the *Times* a relief after a course of James Joyce, it would be rash to conclude that it had the qualities of Hume's prose. Dali's brushwork is neither nervous nor expressive, nor even adroit: it is merely tight. Every year in the summer exhibition of the Royal Academy there must be scores of pictures better drawn and better painted than these. As for the literary import, to which admirers seem to attach the greatest importance, I do not know what message may be conveyed by clapping on to a tightly drawn lamp post the tightly drawn genital organs of a female, but I do know that such pretty conceits will not turn a tenth-rate Meissonier into a fifth-rate one. No: if I must be bored with bad jokes and bad drawing give me *Punch*.

Turn, then, to happier things, to the surprise of the exhibition, four paintings by Filipo de Pisis. Alas! Filipo de Pisis is not particularly young—I suppose he must be over forty—but for some reason his work is not much known in England. He is an Italian who works in Paris. The Impressionists, Cézanne, Matisse, all no doubt have had a hand in the formation of an artist who paints in a manner very much his own. As a rule, he does not push his pictures far, though he can elaborate when he feels the need. He uses colour delicately to obtain gay and rapid effects. Always his paint is saying or singing something; for Filipo de Pisis is a painter. Three of his pictures are of places, which is fortunate; for he has that peculiar sense of particular places which, though not essential to good landscape painting, is a source of sure delight to the beholder. Doubtless this is a quality that comes of sensibility—sensibility that is not only acute (that it must be if the picture is to be worth anything) but abundant, but overflowing, as well. Landscape painters of the Filipo de Pisis kind are not only moved by what they see, they delight in the implications of their vision; and if they are sufficiently gifted this delight comes through their rendering and is communicated with something of its original gusto to the spectator. The pleasure of this communication I find almost unfailing.

The works of Pavel Tchelitchew had not yet arrived when I visited the exhibition, which was lucky for me as I do not like them, and in their place were hanging etchings from Picasso's Metamorphoses, which I can hardly see too often. But the best thing by Picasso, and to my mind the best in the show, is a lithograph which I had not seen before, *Portrait d'un Homme*. Matisse is represented only by some etchings from his Mallarmé. Braque contributes an exceptionally beautiful lithograph. Derain, with his drawings and water-colours, is as puzzling as ever. I have come to the conclusion that it is useless trying to say anything about Derain—Heaven knows I have tried often enough; all one can do is to judge each of his works as it comes up. Some seem to me magnificent, others mediocre, others, again, downright common.

Rather unexpectedly Mr. Wyndham Lewis reappears with a dozen drawings of different periods. I like the late ones better than the early, but I do not like any of them much. For Mr. Lewis, though he possesses talent and intelligence, which show up amusingly the absence of those qualities in his neighbour, Dali, lacks that without which a draughtsman can hardly be more than an illustrator: he lacks sensibility. Many years ago I advised Mr. Lewis to abandon the visual arts for didactic literature. This at the time seemed to annoy him. Nevertheless, though I am far from being so presumptuous as to suppose that he took my advice, he did, in fact, cease, or almost cease, to paint pictures, and in fact did write some moderately successful books. It would be a pity if he were now to reverse the process; for the time spent on producing even these small drawings would have been better employed in consulting documents proper to convince him that Inigo Jones did not build Blenheim.

CLIVE BELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The Westminster Play

The annual Latin play at Westminster School is always good fun. This year's choice, the *Rudens* of Plautus, is not one of the world's masterpieces; but it is an amusing enough comedy of a rather melodramatic type. It begins with a shipwreck, from which two girls get ashore and escape from the slave-dealer who is taking them to Sicily. He follows, but his attempts to recover his victims from the temple of Venus in which they have taken sanctuary is foiled. Finally, a fisherman turns up with a big haul—a trunk which has fallen overboard, and which he expects to make his fortune. His hopes are disappointed; but the trunk provides the *dénouement* in the shape of articles that reveal one of the maidens as the long-lost daughter of Daemones, the fisherman's master. All the players spoke their lines well, but there was a certain flatness in the acting, especially among the females, who were rather solid specimens of womanhood. Mr. H. B. Ball, as Daemones, Mr. H. V. King as the cute servant, Trachalio, were both energetic, and Mr. M. J. Starforth as Labrax, the rascally slave-dealer, put in some spirited work. The Epilogue, is by ancient custom a topical "rag," in which the characters appear in modern dress and satiric contemporary persons and things in frollicy (but not Plautine) Latin verse. Here the Scholars all rose to the occasion, and in a crowded half-hour "guyed" the Prime Minister and Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Hore-Belisha and Sir Oswald Mosley, the Hellenic Travellers and the film world. A diverting episode was provided by three little pigs and a big bad wolf.

"Cyrano" at Whitgift

There are signs that debunking has had its day, and a revival of Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* would constitute a good enough herald of the dawn of dramatic virtue. The play is a good vehicle for boys' acting, having ample action and colour. The romance tilts enough at the posturings of the *précieuses* to stop this side of embarrassment, and E. Finch as Roxane gave a display of precocity most creditable in a boy of fourteen. The Cyrano of J. R. Ray was a beautiful performance. Never mentioning, but never escaping that terrific nose, he gave a rendering of a man, whose life it was "to be the prompter everyone forgets," which was a most moving experience. Of the minor characters J. D. Mellor did well as Ragueneau. The production was good enough to obscure the play's central weakness, for Roxane being *précieuse* would have been as prone to fall for superlative ugliness as for its equivalent beauty. Cyrano, knowing this, would have finished an easy first, leaving Christian far down the course.

The Film Society

Any film produced under the auspices of Mr. John Grierson may be expected to reach a very high level of cinematographic accomplishment; and *The Song of Ceylon*, a Grierson production directed and photographed by Mr. Basil Wright, helped to relieve an otherwise rather tedious Film Society programme. The pictures of native dancing were particularly good; but it was not so much what the camera saw, as the general sensitiveness with which its observations were combined and controlled, that has made this film a beautiful and moving piece of work. Divided into four sections, it shows us different aspects of Cingalese life, past and present—religious ceremonies, the labours of husbandmen in the rice-fields, the impact of modern commerce on the existence of a simple agricultural population.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, December 21st—
"The Red Rover's Revenge," Royalty Theatre.
"This Year, Next Year," Gate Theatre.
"The Ghost Train," Criterion Theatre.
B.B.C. Chamber Concert, Broadcasting House, 10.15.

SATURDAY, December 22nd—
Junior Academy Cinema, 11.
Carols and Christmas Music, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
"Inside the Room," Queen's Theatre.
"Charley's Aunt," Daly's Theatre.

MONDAY, December 24th—
"The Policeman's Whistle," Croydon Repertory Theatre.
"Toad of Toad Hall," Royalty Theatre (matinées only).
"Sinbad the Sailor," Embassy Theatre (matinées only).
"Cinderella," Drury Lane.

WEDNESDAY, December 26th—
"Aladdin," Prince Edward Theatre.
"Treasure Island," Piccadilly Theatre (matinées).

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

ACTING on a hint in the *Times* review which deserves to be passed on, I began my five days' reading of *Early Victorian England*, 1830–1865, edited by G. M. Young (2 vols., Oxford Univ. Press, 42*s*.), at the end with the editor's contribution, *Portrait of an Age*. These ninety pages are by far the best part of a most admirable informing book, and I regret that they should be hidden away where logically they belong. For they should be read by everyone; if they had been published separately they would have stood a good chance of reaching a very wide public indeed. But I shall come back to Mr. Young's contribution next week, when I write of that half of the book which has culture and polite life as its province. The object of these volumes is to provide

> the background of ideas and habits, to recall the sights and sounds of early Victorian England, and so to create for the reader of the history or literature of the time the atmosphere which will bring their details into perspective and relief.

These writers have achieved this, but the value of their work is not only in the light it casts upon their period. By illuminating that they have thrown a reflected light on the present age and upon the immediate future. There is a singularly close parallel between the opening years of the early Victorian age and our own. It is perhaps most obvious when we look abroad. To-day, as in 1830, the *Ultras* rule in Europe. Lucien Leuwen, who was expelled from the *École Polytechnique* in 1834 for his republican leanings, would find the atmosphere of Germany or of Italy to-day all too familiar. Indeed, the political events of the last two or three years must have made Stendhal's novels topical over two-thirds of the continent. And though I know of no comparable English novelist of the period with the political aspirations and bewilderments of whose heroes we can identify ourselves, the problems which beset our grandfathers and great-grandfathers in the thirties and the forties are sufficiently like our own. They might indeed furnish the subject of a Christmas sermon on the text of the Fifth Commandment, which is far more generally discredited than the Sixth. And if we wish our "days to be long upon the land," we cannot do better than to consider certain moral lessons of the Early Victorians and for a New Year's Resolution try to recapture some of their energy, of their belief in education and in mankind; in science and in truth.

* * *

Their difficulties were partly inherited; such were the problems of vested interests, and of the parish pump.

> In Drury Lane, for example, water was only turned on for about an hour, or even less a day. The people fought for it when running and went begging for it when it was turned off. At the week-end water was turned off on Saturday at six and no more was to be had until Monday.

London was a stinking city with "rookeries" where the poor swam in their own ordure, a city sodden with sewage. The charnel houses, private slaughter houses, pig-sties and cess-pools seeped into the wells and the choked sewers discharged the solid filth into the river above the intake of one of the chief supplies of water. But these problems would scarcely have been felt if there had not been springing up an absolutely unregulated industrial system involving new towns with vast populations dependent upon steam, coal, iron and cotton.

> In Leeds 15,000 children went altogether untaught; there were 451 public houses, 98 brothels, 2 churches, 39 meeting houses. The death-rate in the clean streets was 1 in 36; in the dirty streets 1 in 23.

Public opinion, that is the vocal public opinion of the educated classes, was, as always, far in advance of political opinion, and Mr. R. H. Mottram in his contribution upon *Town Life*, says:

> Our first impression is that England was helpless in face of the problem which the new industry and the new finance together had created. Then gradually we became aware of an array of half-forgotten figures, each in his own line fighting manfully to redeem some small sector from barbarism. Officials. . . . Doctors . . . . Public Benefactors . . . an unnumbered host. . . . There are times, in the thirties and forties, when it seems to us, as Macaulay told his Edinburgh constituents, that civilisation might have been destroyed by the barbarism it had engendered. It would be true to say that unrestricted private enterprise had created a problem which was only soluble by the intervention of the State; and private enterprise kept it manageable until the State was ready to act.

Whatever our politics to-day, if we were carried back a century, wise after the event, we should form one body of men, neither Whig nor Tory nor Chartist, but primarily concerned with public health and crying out with the *Quarterly Reviewer*:

> The Defenders of Filth, corporate and parochial, have ruled London long enough.

And the value of such a survey of the past is that it clears our minds and makes the differences of those scoring points in the political game as tiresome as the spectacle of the violent, splendid Bright, who thundered out at dinner, as we learn from *The Education of Henry Adams*:

> For two hundred years, the judges of England sat on the Bench, condemning to the penalty of death every man, woman and child who stole property to the value of five shillings; and, during all that time, not one judge remonstrated against the law. We English are a nation of brutes and ought to be exterminated.

Yet Bright voted against every Smoke Abatement Act.

* * *

Mr. R. H. Mottram's contribution on Town Life is one of the most vivid in the book, his method being to present us with selected sample "close-ups" of his subject. He begins with *A Local Authority in an Emergency*, a detailed account of how Exeter prepared itself for, and suffered from, the Asiatic Cholera which was expected for some time, duly appeared, led to the death of some four hundred persons and would seem to have gone away of its own accord. Mr. Mottram then gives us another close-up of the hours, work and habits of the 700 odd clerks employed in the Bank of England, all of them living outside the city and going on foot to their work. He tells us also of the prisons and the London slums and passes to the decay of a provincial town, Norwich, of which he is specially qualified to speak, where the weaving industry was killed by competition from the North at the same time that rapid communications destroyed its cultural pre-eminence.

> At the beginning of the century Norwich had an intellectual character as strongly marked as Edinburgh. . . . But it was in the wrong place on the new map—too near London and too far from coal.

Dr. and Mrs. Clapham in a contribution on *The New Towns*, draw their overlapping picture in rather rosier colours. Ghastly as the new towns were, real country was never far outside them. Thus there was wild moorland and "a stretch of clean, nice yellow sand, in which after our dip we could roll and dry ourselves in the hot summer sun," within a mile and a half of "the most horrible dwellings Engels had ever yet beheld"—between Manchester and Salford. And in all the northern slum cities there was a great deal of music, frequently connected with public house life. There was social life connected with Oddfellows and Buffaloes—and there were innumerable burial clubs, though

> these last, however useful, had no social life worth mentioning.

Incidentally they have discovered that the Concert Hall in Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool, was

> originally built for the use of a deluded body of men calling themselves Socialists. Young ladies, dressed in the Bloomer costume, tripped it on the light fantastic toe with young gentlemen who thought the laws of marriage unnatural and tyrannical. The Directors lost much money in vain attempts to overthrow the Bible and reform the marriage customs of civilised Society, wherefore the building had to be sold.

* * *

There is little space in which to speak of the remaining contributions in even the first volume. Dr. Clapham's *Work and Wages* is the most important since it lays the foundations on which the whole edifice was raised and shows us not only the conditions of the working class, but the transformation of the whole country as new industries arose. All the contributors remind us that in the thirties and forties England was

on the edge of an abyss—contemporary opinion was aware of it and identified it with a Chartist revolution. But the reader will see from Dr. Clapham's contribution that there was another abyss from which England barely escaped—famine. Ireland and the Highlands, living on potatoes, toppled in. Three hundred thousand Irish landed at Liverpool, and if the English wheat crop had really failed the year after the Irish famine there would have been more than inconvenience to the Bank of England and the bankruptcy of the milling firms which he describes. The Irish famine was the chief emergency which the Early Victorians failed to tackle. In England they just scraped through. But how close was the fight between the Reformers and the Whigs is frequently forgotten. Dr. Clapham reminds us that there were employers in the Factory Movement, and I can add this instance, James Garth Marshall, a linen manufacturer of Leeds, wrote in a pamphlet, *The People Still in Want of Good Government :*

> Look again at the crowded streets of our great manufacturing towns, peruse the statistic accounts by impartial observers of the terrible destitution, the fearful want, disease, degradation, misery that reigns there. See how the very race of Englishmen is dwindling down and degenerating under the effects of the unremitting labour, the insufficient and unwholesome food that their country's laws allow them to enjoy. . . . It would be a fatal mistake to infer that the spirit of Chartism is dead or that all Reformers who are inert and silent spectators are against the objects of Chartism and supporters of Whig Government.

It was the steady pressure of such enlightened men that led to the Repeal of the Corn Laws, the Factory Acts, the extension of the Franchise. So that in Dr. Clapham's words :

> Half-starved hand-loom weavers, typical members of a Chartist gathering in 1841, became more scarce year by year. . . . Lowered taxes had cheapened the rare luxuries of his people. The beginnings of an intelligent sanitary policy, of urban parks and free libraries, were making town life more tolerable. Mine and factory laws had eased some of the worst pressures of the new industrialism. So old Chartists allowed that progress was not a rich man's catchword, though certainly it was much too slow.

The great thing to hope for is that with a falling population we shall not be piling up abuses faster than we can get rid of them. Our task is lighter. DAVID GARNETT

SERIALISM

The Serial Universe. By J. W. DUNNE. *Faber and Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This book elaborates a new philosophical conception of the universe, already put forward in *An Experiment with Time*. In place of the world as we ordinarily conceive it, Mr. Dunne introduces us to an entirely different world, containing an infinite series of time dimensions, and an infinite regress of " observers." This new world-conception he calls " Serialism," and in this book claims to provide an *a priori* proof of it. He claims to prove that Serialism is involved in the very nature of Time and Self-Consciousness. All this is sensational enough. But he goes on to show that Serialism enables us to deduce the most difficult conceptions of modern physics ; and finally, he elaborates a geometrical proof of the Immortality of the Soul. No small measure of achievement in but 242 pages of fairly large print.

How, then, are these startling conclusions arrived at ?

Mr. Dunne starts off with the datum that an observer, B, is observing something, A. But B (he points out) does not observe the whole of A, but only those aspects of A which affect B. On the other hand, the self-conscious mind is not restricted to observing merely certain aspects of an object, A. It observes that it is observing those aspects of A. But the observer B cannot observe *this*. For B only observes those aspects of A which affect B, and therefore cannot observe that there are also other aspects of A, and that B only observes a selection of A's aspects. Hence, if there is self-consciousness, there must be a second observer, C. And once we have got thus far, an infinite regress of " observers," B, C, D . . . can be deduced. That is Mr. Dunne's first conclusion.

After that, he proceeds to deal with Time. The observer, B, is always aware of his objects as existing " now." He brings into his observations, therefore, a " now-mark," which as it were travels through the objective world, associating itself with a series of objects. In this way B introduces a time-order into the world of objects. Let us now turn to the observations of C. C will observe that B observes a series of objects as existing " now." Thus C will have a " now-mark " which applies to the observations of B ; and this " now-mark " is naturally different from that of B, and so introduces a second time-order. In this way, an infinite regress of time-orders is deduced.

Apart from the time-order introduced by B, the object-world has no inherent time-order. While, therefore, to B, the object-world will seem to present a temporal process, C can represent this time-order of B's as merely a 4th dimension of space. Similarly, D can represent C's time-order as a 5th dimension of space ; E can represent D's time-order as a 6th dimension of space ; and so on.

Leaving out the three ordinary spatial dimensions, Mr. Dunne then proceeds to a graphical representation of the " world-lines " of B and C, as seen from the point of view of D. In these diagrams, B's time is represented by a horizontal line, and C's time by a vertical line. The diagrams purport to show that, when B's world-line comes to an end in B's time, with the death of the physical body, there is no reason why C's world-line should also come to an end. C's world-line, in fact, goes on and on for ever. Hence C is immortal. We are immortal, therefore. But immortal in second-order time, and not in first-order time, which is the only order of time we generally consider. This is the new proof of human immortality.

Finally, by means of a very ingenious series of arguments, Mr. Dunne tries to show that, from his mode of representing time-orders, the general principles of the Special Theory of Relativity, and the Quantum Theory, can be deduced.

In so far as the thesis of this book consists in the assertion of an infinite number of time-orders, any one of which, from the point of view of the order next above it, can be represented as an extra dimension of space, Mr. Dunne is giving us a variation on the old Idealist theme, that time is no inherent form of material reality, but is something introduced into the world by the knowing mind. It is not surprising that the Idealist theory of the Immortality of the Soul should seem to follow from Idealist pre-

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misses. Novel and alarming as Mr. Dunne's work may appear to be at first sight, it turns out in the end to be but philosophical idealism appearing in a new disguise. I do not believe, however, that Mr. Dunne's new form of idealism is of any serious philosophical significance. It relies for its appeal rather on sensational novelty than on any profundity of argument.

The whole structure of Mr. Dunne's system depends upon—(1) his conception of the "observer," (2) his conception of what is involved in a thing being present "now," and (3) his conception of the mode of representing time dimensions as extra dimensions of space.

This being so, he might be expected to have made these key conceptions of his system particularly clear—to have analysed them, and tried to justify them. But what do we actually find? Nowhere, in the whole of his 242 pages of elaborate argument, does Mr. Dunne make any serious attempt to analyse what he really means by the "observer," what he really means by the "now-mark" which the "observer" brings with him, or how he supposes that the co-ordinates of objects in many-dimensional space can be calculated. All these key points in the argument are left totally obscure. The whole array of startling conclusions is founded, not on any clear analysis of the basic terms employed, but on a complete *lack of analysis* of those terms.

Consider, for example, the series of "observers," B, C, D . . . *Who* exactly *are* these "observers"? *What* are these letters, B, C, D, supposed to *stand* for? Mr. Dunne nowhere even tries to answer these questions. And yet, unless these questions can be answered, we can only suppose that all these letters, B, C, D, etc., stand for nothing at all; and that, in deducing his Regress of Observers, Mr. Dunne is juggling with letters of the alphabet, instead of considering real things.

The deduction of the series, B, C, D . . , is supposed to be founded on an analysis of what is involved in Self-Consciousness. Self-Consciousness is a very complicated state of affairs, involving very many factors, and interlocking processes. Mr. Dunne makes no effort to distinguish and relate all these different factors and processes involved in Self-Consciousness. He is content to abstract two factors, the "object" and the "observer" (both of them really very complicated, and by no means simple entities); gives them names, A and B; and thenceforward treats the "observer" in the abstract as a simple self-existent entity, as if he were working out proofs in Euclidian Geometry. He nowhere relates his terms to the real processes of Self-Consciousness, from the analysis of which his conclusions are supposed to be drawn.

How far he is from paying any attention to the analysis of actual happenings, and how far he has engrossed himself with the manipulation of abstractions instead of real things, is shown by the way in which he makes the all-important step from observer B to observer C. B (he says) only observes an aspect of A, not the whole of A. Therefore it requires another observer, C, to observe that B only observes an aspect of A. It is of course perfectly true that we never can observe, or know, the whole complete nature of any object. But what does an analysis of the actual process of knowing reveal? It reveals that, in knowing A, I am continually coming to know new aspects of A, which I never knew before: previously hidden aspects become known. If I continually discover new aspects of A in this manner, it requires no great intellectual feat on my part to conclude that A has many aspects, and that at any time I only know some of them. In order to come to this conclusion, I need only be in living contact with A in my daily life. I need not be composed of an infinite series of separate "observers," as Mr. Dunne asserts.

Mr. Dunne arrives at a Regress of Observers, only because he makes false abstractions. If he were content to analyse things as they really are, instead of going off into flights of mathematico-metaphysical speculation, he would not find any Regress of different Observers in Self-Consciousness.

All the rest of Mr. Dunne's arguments depend on the existence of the Regress of Observers. So if the Regress of Observers is not proved, all the rest of the system comes down automatically. It will be worth while, however, to look for a moment at Mr. Dunne's scheme of representing his successive time-orders as extra dimensions of space—the theory of the Many-Dimensional-World.

Mr. Dunne himself, in an interesting chapter on "Dimensions," makes it pretty plain that, if space is "*n*-dimensional," then that simply means that, in order to determine the position of any object, *n* separate and independent measurements must be made. If, therefore, observer D must map out a 5-dimensional space, in which the 4th and 5th dimensions correspond to the time-order of observers B and C, then, in order to determine the position of any object, D must make five independent measurements.

It is of course possible to theorise, as is done in the more advanced sort of geometry, about spaces of any number of dimensions. But if one is to give any sense to speaking of the *existence* of a space of so many dimensions, then one must be able to say *how* measurements corresponding to each dimension are actually to be *made*. Thus if I say that space is really 5-dimensional, I must be able to tell you just *how* I would undertake five independent measuring operations in order to determine the position of any object. If I cannot tell you, then you will be justified in supposing that I haven't the least idea of what I mean by talking of the extra dimensions as really existing. But can Mr. Dunne tell us just *how* D (whoever D is) will undertake to determine the position of objects in his five-dimensional space? He most certainly cannot tell us. He writes of extra dimensions, without making any attempt to show what he really means by the words and symbols he employs.

We must estimate the worth of Mr. Dunne's pretended contribution to the elucidation of the problems of modern physics in the light of the above. If an hypothesis is to be of the least scientific value, its terms must be capable of empirical interpretation. Mr. Dunne is very ingenious in his chapters on physical theories. But he has not shed a single ray of illumination on the problems which the physicist has to tackle.

We may praise Mr. Dunne's neat and vigorous style, and the clever way in which he develops his arguments. But unless we are to be deceived by very superficial appearances, we must recognise that these things hide an utter lack of analysis in the fundamental terms employed, a mere juggling with empty abstractions, without regard to the actual reality of things. The "immortality" which Mr. Dunne seeks to justify is the immortality of a meaningless letter of the alphabet, in a time as empty of content as the abstract symbols which are supposed to inhabit it.

There are those who look to philosophy for ingenious arguments and paradoxical conclusions, for notions which seem profound but which cannot be quite understood, or for statements about God and Immortality which induce a sense of religious awe. Such people will have every reason to be pleased with Mr. Dunne's book. But those who expect a philosopher to operate with clear ideas and accurate analyses of real things will find his book empty and valueless.

MAURICE CORNFORTH

THE LAST KING

The Last King. By WARRE BRADLEY WELLS. *Muller.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Wells's rapid and vigorous survey of the reign of Alfonso XIII of Spain is particularly welcome just now when the resurgence of the Spanish Right forces one to consider both the possibility and the consequences of a monarchic restoration in that country.

Mr. Wells's book, despite its somewhat anecdotal character, is effective in showing how the crisis of 1931 was the consequence of the progressive vitiation of the constitution by Don Alfonso himself. One sees that the corruption of political life, common to all Restoration periods, during the last quarter of the nineteenth century by itself was bound to enfeeble the democratic machine. The alternation in office of the Liberal and Conservative parties, by contracted agreement, although in the first place engineered in benefit of the boy king, certainly intensified his natural absolutist disposition. The inevitable military tendency of the restored court is well brought out, as also the part of that tendency in shaping the character of the last king. By the time he came to his majority Alfonso XIII had learned to think in terms of authority and centralisation and to mould his policy in accordance with such traditional maxims of despots as *Divide et Impera*. The early and fatal exacerbation of the Catalan problem was a natural result.

Mr. Wells states roundly that another factor of immense importance, the Moroccan war, was also the product of Alfonso's despotic resourcefulness. "In the eyes of Don Alfonso and Antonio Manera, the campaign against them in Spain was only one argument the more for pressing forward their own campaign in Morocco." Against the weight of all probability, I think, Don Alfonso's direct responsibility for that war has been denied by a few historians, but there can be no doubt that the corrupt and criminally inefficient waging of that war was one of the prime causes of the Dictatorship whose collapse brought down the Crown itself. Mr. Wells's analysis of the Moroccan War and the resultant *responsibilidades* is both outspoken and convincing.

But while on the political and psychological side *The Last King* is of considerable merit, I think it possesses two deficiencies which rob it of the full utility it might easily have possessed. When one notices that Mr. Wells considers such facts as Don Alfonso's advocacy of Pure Castilian and his support of the Academy to be significant evidence of character, one suspects that personal causes are being over-emphasised. Far too little is made of the profounder *inherent* economic problems which, besides Alfonso's policy of division, were splitting the nation into irreconcilable camps. It is not a question of the omission of evidence but the lack of organisation with which it is presented. Mr. Wells's book, indeed, contains very much more of that evidence than many recent treatises. Again and again he is unequivocal and discerning where one has learned to expect indecision and suppression. He describes the social events of 1917–1920 with far more cogency than is customary. The 1,361 strikes of the year 1920, the assassinatory campaign in which 1,000 syndicalists fell to the guns of the killing bands organised by General Martinez Anido, governor of Barcelona, and the final assassination of Cardinal Soldevila, a conspicuous opponent of even constitutional monarchy, are all placed in perspective. Earlier in the book are similarly valuable passages, such as his account of how the land taxes came to fall more heavily upon the small landowners than upon the great, or that in which he points out that after the Royalist landslide of the 1903 elections, Alfonso was forced to rely upon agrarian *caciquismo* or rule of the political boss, to jerrymander the expression of public will. All this must be frankly admitted, nor must probable differences of political philosophy impel me to be unduly critical, but I think Alfonso XIII was very much more the victim of an insoluble economic contradiction than of political pathology. The complexity of the present revolutionary epoch in Spain is due to the absence from Spanish history of anything corresponding to that decisive emergence of the mercantile classes which occurred in England, or the *bourgeois* revolution of France. (It is difficult to avoid the unpleasant phrase.) The feudal forces of Crown, Church and great landowners not only have their proper quarrels with the peasantry and agrarian wage earners, but stand in opposition to the slowly developing Industrial Revolution, itself giving rise to its own type of political division. The comparative clarity of political struggle to be observed in Great Britain has therefore never been achieved. The role of anti-clerical controversy in Spain can easily be misunderstood if this is not borne in mind. Mr. Wells's failure, however, is rather that he does not satisfactorily account for the gradual acceptance by the Catalan industrialists, hitherto in some measure separatist, of the Castilian centralism of Primo de Rivera.

Again, in all that he says of the Church, Mr. Wells displays a temperate candour, but his repeated statement that the Church was the natural ally of the Crown would justify a far more detailed account of the actual content of the anti-clerical controversy. That at least would have been a concession to Spanish temper. One remembers that it is certainly the Acts arising principally out of Article 26 of the present Constitution, in which the Neutral State is asserted, that have provoked the present dangerous crisis in Spain. That alliance of Church and Crown is made by Mr. Wells to appear too much a matter of personal disposition and mere tradition, I fear. Nevertheless, here again the author presents plenty of facts so that the ultimate genesis of the revolution can clearly be perceived. Judgment upon *The Last King* must therefore be that it is a valuable and stimulating piece of work, written in a spirit of respect for the democratic tradition and with more than usual balance. RALPH BATES

EUROPE REARMS

The Disarmament Deadlock. By JOHN W. WHEELER-BENNETT. *Routledge.* 15s.

To write the biography of a moribund invalid is a remarkable undertaking; only someone with Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's *joie de vivre* could get away with it. He confesses quite frankly that the Disarmament Conference had already, in July, 1932, become a hopeless affair, yet he continues its history for another two years with such zest that no reader can fail to follow his lead. The Conference becomes, of course, an excuse for continuing that vast international history-book which Mr. Wheeler-Bennett is gradually compiling. He has a really dramatic sense of the international pattern—the interplay of the co-operative tendency

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at the centre, Geneva, with the centrifugal impulses created by public opinion in each separate country.

In view of his distaste for Soviet ideology, Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's eloquent tribute to the diplomacy of Trotsky, Chicherin and Litvinoff is striking. But the most graphic portions of his story are the German interludes. These are generally presented with the assurance which inside information gives; only the analysis of Hitler's motives for the break with Geneva in October, 1933, seems to me perhaps inadequate.

Mr. Wheeler-Bennett regards Brüning's failure as Europe's failure. "By their refusal to face facts and reach an agreement on the question of equality with Dr. Brüning, the statesmen of Europe had ruined what slight chances had remained of limiting and reducing armaments, and had opened the way for the final tragedy of the Nazi Revolution." Since January 30th, 1933, when Hitler became Chancellor of Germany, there has certainly been no further hope for disarmament. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett shows how the declared principles of National Socialism have clashed with the pacific speeches of Hitler, and how the political gangsterism which became so conspicuous on June 30th, 1934, has made it literally impossible to disarm—as impossible as the most impenitent Frenchman had ever declared. To those of us who have been much in Central Europe since January 30th, 1933, a state of war seems to have prevailed since that very day, only at present not all the instruments of war are forged. The intolerable tension was admirably described by the *Times* Special Correspondent, writing from Vienna early this November. After all, Germany's anti-Austrian campaign has been part of her rearmament which, without Austria's iron, cannot be complete.

People in Europe are amazed at the English view that it all has nothing to do with England. A clear-cut English policy might so often have proved the one remedy: "How can the English be indifferent to that?" one is asked. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett does justice to the British efforts at co-ordination in March, 1933, and January, 1934; but, writing of the last few months of 1933, he records how "any British political observer in Central Europe at that time had the galling experience of hearing his country's lack of policy abused in every Chancellery . . ." For the British Government, as he points out, has been disastrously "torn between the Prime Minister's emotional sympathy for Germany and the Foreign Secretary's departmental orientation towards France."

Last September I met an Austrian who remarked, not without wisdom, that it was almost a pity the Italians did not cross the Austrian frontier in July, for when the Jugoslavs followed suit, the Powers would have had to face the issue. If the statesmen of Europe can only be shocked into implementing their good intentions, Marseilles and the Saar danger should give them their chance. When Mr. Wheeler-Bennett writes his next book, will he be able to record that these pretty problems have cleared the air, or that they have doomed Europe to perdition?

E. W.

THE SALVATION ARMY

God's Soldier: General William Booth. By ST. JOHN ERVINE. *Heinemann.* 36*s*.

In his preface Mr. St. John Ervine at once wins the reader's sympathy by explaining that the success of his play *The First Mrs. Fraser* enabled him to devote six years writing a Life of General Booth, in whom he is interested as one of "those who having no social influence, rebel against authority, defeat authority, and create authority." His book is a most careful work, and unless important new material is produced, will remain the chief authority upon Booth. Unluckily Mr. Ervine has been so fascinated by his subject that his power of selection has been dulled, much of the material included is uninteresting and the book does not seem well suited to the general reader. An abbreviated version would be welcome, in which Mr. Ervine could show the incisiveness which distinguishes his journalistic work.

This book destroys the legend, fostered by the General in his old age, that he was the child of middle-class people who had come down in the world. Actually he was brought up in extreme poverty, his father could not even sign his name, and he himself remained a highly uneducated man. (Mr. Ervine is quick with the obvious reminder that Christ was the son of a carpenter's wife, but the analogy is false, and vulgarity is the last charge which could be brought against the Gospels.) At the age of thirteen the young Booth was apprenticed to a pawnbroker, and his daily traffic with misery no doubt impressed his imagination. His mother was religious, and possibly of Jewish extraction, but the book throws little light on the causes of his vocation. Mr. Ervine throws a few jeers at modern psychology, and there the matter rests, but it is noticeable that both the General and his wife suffered from chronic dyspepsia. William Booth had enormous energy, and it is no reflection upon his sincerity to add that he also had remarkable dramatic powers and great ambition. The most necessary and the most difficult virtue for a saint, humility, he never attained. He knew what he wanted, and he believed that what he wanted, God wanted. Mr. Ervine frequently compares him to St. Francis of Assisi: in many ways he seems to me more like Napoleon—an autocrat, weakened by the wish to place members of his family in places of importance, and to found a dynasty. (Three of his children revolted from his rule.) For years he and his followers were persecuted by magistrates as well as by mobs, but he lived to be one of the great popular figures of the country, and there is pathos and irony in the pleasure this stern puritan derived from his interview with Edward VII. He had no interests outside the Army and his family—he was a God-intoxicated man, or rather God-infested, as Mr. Ervine prefers to say, presumably because the General, though a cleanly man, would have preferred a metaphor derived from fleas to one derived from alcohol. He was a missionary of genius, but he was not a mystic, and ultimately it is only his success, I think, which makes him interesting.

It would be monstrous to belittle the practical achievements of the Salvation Army. It brought religion out of the stuffy respectable little chapels into the streets; and it has been more Christ-like than any other sect in its devotion to outcasts: prostitutes, jailbirds, those whom no one else would help have been its especial care; and in India, South Africa and the United States it has refused to recognise race-distinctions. Those whom it succours are apt to complain of the intensive religiosity to which they are submitted, but half a loaf and a dozen hymns are better than no bread. The founder, his wife, his son the second General, and the rank and file have shown a devotion which has been entire and marvellous. But if one believes that the doctrine which has produced these results is a false doctrine, the question imposes itself whether the tangible good results are not outweighed by the intangible bad ones, and this is a question which Mr. Ervine in over 1,100 pages hardly touches upon. In a world which needs clear thinking as sorely as it needs good will, Salvationism is an insistent denial of the intellect.

The Salvation Army is fundamentalist, and like all fundamentalists appears to think that the Authorised Version suddenly appeared complete, ready printed, paragraphed, and bound. In fact, it is a selection of writings slowly made by Catholic authorities, finally settled as a canon in the fifteenth century, and then deprived by the Anglican Reformers of the books known as the Apocrypha. The authority of the Bible, that is to say, rests only upon an authority which its fundamentalist worshippers deny. Moreover, when it suited the Booths to go against the Scriptures, they did not hesitate to do so. Not only did they reject Baptism and Communion, but they employed women preachers, and Mrs. Booth particularly "abominated" teetotallers who followed St. Paul's advice by taking a little wine for their stomach's sake. The visible ravages of alcohol in Victorian England no doubt could explain the Booths' violence about drink—Mrs. Booth's own father was a drunkard, but their fanatical hatred of tobacco is more difficult to account for, and the Salvationist insistence upon the sinfulness of smoking shows a dangerously unbalanced scale of moral values. Mr. Ervine, while condemning the puritan attitude to the arts of the novelist and dramatist which he himself practises, speaks with sympathy of puritan homes. He omits to mention that General Booth's son used to be "whipped severely" at the age of two: "It has done him good," wrote Mrs. Booth, "and I am reaping the reward already of my self-sacrifice." Salvationists condemned many innocent pleasures on the ground that Christ (in their opinion) would not have indulged in them. But there is no amusement, however frivolous, which seems to me so incongruous with the character of the Christ of the Gospels, as this solemn beating of a little child. Mr. Ervine, an Ulster bee buzzing in his bonnet, tries to show that Catholics can be as puritanical as Protestants: a case can be made for this, but not by referring, as Mr. Ervine frequently does, to the Jansenists, ignoring the fact that they were condemned as heretical. Moreover, Catholics have always held that beauty could, indeed should, be used for the glorification of God, but the Salvationists hate or at least ignore it. Hellfire and

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¶ Clifford Sharp and I had a bet. I proposed to invite readers of the NEW STATESMAN to give six-monthly subscriptions as Christmas and New Year Gifts, at one-third the usual charge, i.e., Five Shillings instead of Fifteen. Sharp bet me that we wouldn't get a hundred subscriptions, but within a fortnight we had received *five* hundred!

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cleansing by blood are the pivots of their doctrine. These are beliefs which the traditionalist Churches have refined and attenuated with the growth of civilisation, but they appeal to the savage, and it is to the savages who survive in civilised countries to the disgrace of the social system, that the Salvation Army makes its appeal. Prostitutes and drunkards are usually either neurotic or subnormal in intelligence, and their emotional instability makes them quick to respond to these primaeval notions. It may be argued that any belief which can reform such outcasts is justified by its results, that Christianity was originally a slave-religion, and that the Salvationists have restored it to its original state. But the Christian will answer that the appeal of his faith is to all classes, to the learned as well as to the ignorant. And the rationalist will argue that a religion based upon fables and working through emotional excitement must be eventually degrading: as Huxley wrote in his attack on General Booth:

> Few social evils are of greater magnitude than uninstructed and unchastened religious fanaticism; no personal habit more surely degrades the conscience and the intellect than blind and unhesitating obedience to unlimited authority.

In fact, a tyranny imposing itself by emotionalism is evil, whether it is in the hands of a Booth or a Hitler. To these arguments the devotion of Salvationists is no response: there is no belief too foolish or too debased to excite enthusiasm and self-sacrifice. And in any case the religious fanatic must be presumed to derive more pleasure from denouncing sins than he would from practising them.

In Huxley's attack on the Salvation Army, he cited the Franciscans as an example of the deterioration liable to come over an institution after the founder's death. And in the epilogue to his book, Mr. Ervine describes the squabbles which after General Booth's death ended in the deposition of his son and successor, Bramwell Booth. The conduct of the protagonists was not merely unchristian but disgustingly squalid, and two of those who appear most disadvantageously in Mr. Ervine's account are General Higgins, who replaced Bramwell Booth, and Eveline, or, as she prefers to call herself, Evangeline Booth, the present General. As a rich institution run by a bureaucracy under an autocrat, the Salvation Army will no doubt continue, but its future does not seem bright. It has always lacked the intellectual basis and the poetry which differentiate Christianity from savage religions, and it now appears to lack the daemonic leadership which created it and imposed it upon a hostile world. Moreover, every improvement in education and in the standard of living diminishes the number of the savages among us to whom the Salvationists—it is at once their strength and their weakness—can effectively appeal.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE EXTRAVERT'S COMPLAINT AND THE INTROVERT'S REMEDY

Calling All Countries. By GEOFFREY WEST. *Routledge.* 6*s.*
A Life of One's Own. By JOANNA FIELD. *Chatto and Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Geoffrey West is disturbed about Western civilisation. The doctrines of Mr. H. G. Wells no longer seem to him to offer a cure for our manifold ills. Science, he says, has become meaningless. Poets and novelists indulge in a sterile intellectualism or slide back under the wing of some traditional religion or other. Business men deceive themselves with the hope that capitalism, which depends on expanding markets, can prosper in a world of tariff barriers. Governments defeat the will to peace by haggling for prestige and power. Turning his lament into the chronicle of a visit to London on November 11th, Mr. West dismisses Armistice Day as a glorification of the forces which lead to war, and the West End at night as one vast brothel organised to distract people from thinking. Our values are wrong, he says. How are they to be changed? Not by arguing (it takes some 200 pages to decide this); not by supporting the Churches, which pander to capitalism; not by countenancing violence. ("One Hitler was not answered by another Hitler.") The only way of altering things which Mr. West can believe in is the hard and slow one of changing individuals. We must eradicate our personal fears and hatreds if we are to avoid war, and become Socialists if we are to achieve socialism. Further, if "Renaissance Man" is to develop, we must practise an "organic" attitude to phenomena instead of an intellectual or an evasive one. At this point Mr. West becomes impossible to follow. He refers vaguely to Madame Blavatsky and other occult writers, and discovers a prophet of organic thought in Mr. Middleton Murry, whose books about Dostoievsky and Keats moved him more than the works of Dostoievsky and Keats had done. Many of us have arrived at the idea that a competitive nationalist world is neither safe nor Christian. Was it necessary to write yet another tirade against it, and in such shocking English too? There are plenty of reasons for quarrelling with this naughty world, but *Calling All Countries* provides no intelligible remedies for our discontents: no more, in fact, than Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Middleton Murry, a glimpse of the moon, and an assertion that Mr. West does believe in something. Well, what is it?

"Joanna Field" is an introvert. Her book starts where Mr. West's ends, with the problem of changing the individual. "Why am I dissatisfied with my life?" she asks, and armed with scientific training, native honesty and the will to understand, enquires into the odd behaviour of her own mind. She is a psychologist in public life, but she discards Freud and Jung at the outset as high priests of the unconscious, which, by definition, is not available to normal introspection, and goes straight to recordable facts. Moments of happiness, she discovered, occurred when she was not trying to impose her will on the world, either in action or in phantasy. When purposive activities were suspended; when she was not worried about using her time profitably or trying to influence this or that person, her mind would open itself to receive happy impressions.

> Once when ill in bed, so fretting with unfulfilled purposes that I could not at all enjoy the luxury of enforced idleness, I had found myself staring vacantly at a faded cyclamen and I happened to remember to say to myself, "I want nothing." Immediately I was so flooded with the crimson of the petals that I had thought I had never before known what colour was.

Generally this "flooding-in" happened by chance, but Mrs. Field discovered certain methods of achieving the necessary "wide attention." She would concentrate on some object like a chair, which normally one ignored unless it got in the way or one needed to sit on it. Or she would "think herself" into some part of her body, so that questing desires were stilled and the "not-me" flowed in.

Mrs. Field has some interesting things to say about the activities of "blind" thought. There was a part of her mind which behaved as a child's mind does, confusing fact with feeling, believing it could impose its will on people by throwing things at them or even by threatening to go mad. Unselfishness is impossible for a small child because he is not really aware of other people as separate entities, and this disability persists in the thinking of mature people when their minds are not wholly directed to some end. Before she began her inquiry Mrs. Field was not aware of the existence of "blind" thoughts, but it became clear that they affected her reactions and coloured her moods. One could not bully one's thoughts, but one could control the direction of attention; and the first step was to understand what one was secretly aiming at. Instead of goading her unwilling thoughts towards some practical conclusion, Mrs. Field began to act as a tolerant policeman, admitting their meanings however disreputable, guiding the traffic instead of trying to reverse it. She was not content merely to unearth the egotism of childish thinking. In relation to people, as in relation to music and nature, the defences of spiritual virginity must be broken down. It was not enough, she found, to marry and to bear a child; unless one is willing to "immerse" oneself "in the destructive element" as Conrad puts it, relationships are apt to be sterile. Mrs. Field had a fear of death and annihilation which she symbolised as a dragon. By free association she discovered that her dragon stood, not for physical death, but for the feminine, receptive and submissive urge, for the fear of merging one's personality in that of others and the desire to do so. This desire she had been frustrating by living too purposive a life. "It was the conflict between my ideas of the male and female attitudes which prevented me from reaching the fullness of either."

Here surely is the beginning of an answer to Mr. West's conundrum. If the states of mind of the artist, the mystic and the lover could become available for people who are none of these things, then the cult of power which informs nationalism, capitalism and the rest of Mr. West's bogies would have fewer devotees. If people could understand the motives behind their own childish thinking they would be less eager to impose their wills on the world. And if the bisexual nature of man (admitted by Freud and over-stressed by Faithful) were generally recognised, then the

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values appropriate to the suppressed feminine urge would be given their proper place in society and our problems could be tackled in a more peaceful and understanding spirit. Instead of thwarting his hidden feminity Western man might find repose and inspiration by yielding to it. Mrs. Field's bisexuality theory, which she reserves to the last chapter of her book, is all the more convincing for not being dogmatically put. It is to be hoped that she will follow up her self-examination with a whole library of studies on the bisexual nature of children and adults. If her next book is anything like as lucid and sincere as *A Life of One's Own*, it will be worth a good deal of attention.

OLGA MARTIN

THE FREE STATE

The Irish Free State: Its Government and Politics. By NICHOLAS MANSERGH. Foreword by W. G. S. Adams, Warden of All Souls' College, Oxford. *Allen and Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Constitution with which the Irish provided themselves in 1922 was complete with all the latest improvements. It differed somewhat ostentatiously from that of the neighbouring enemy. Twelve years is a short time in the life of a Constitution; yet already there have been so many amendments that most of us have lost count; and the Irish Constitution of 1934 does not differ fundamentally from that of its neighbour. The existing differences serve only to emphasise the similarities.

To seek the causes of this development is to undertake a valuable piece of research into political science. Mr. Mansergh is of Irish birth and education, though his political science derives from Oxford. He is no lawyer—indeed, he fails to mention at all the main argument against the validity of those amendments which are sought to be justified by the Statute of Westminster; and some of his facts about the British and Dominion Constitutions are wrong. On the political side he carries impartiality to the extent of not drawing conclusions. Nevertheless, he has brought a wide knowledge of constitutions into his discussion, and he has performed a valuable piece of work in explaining and relating the causes which have made the provisions of the original Constitution workable or unworkable.

Indeed, the nature of the facts sometimes makes conclusions difficult. The author has evident sympathies with proportional representation. Yet there is nothing in the successful Irish experience to rebut the arguments against it. Nor, as he himself points out, does the failure to work the system of extern ministers prove anything. Similarly, no real trial was given to the referendum and the initiative, though here it is possible that the system has not worked because it was not workable.

The exotic importations into the Constitution are, in truth, the less interesting parts of the system of government as it has been fashioned in practice. The best chapters in the book are those which discuss the working of the ordinary system of Cabinet Government. They show, for instance, that the absence of private members' legislation is not due, as is sometimes alleged to be the case in England, to lack of facilities, but to the necessary limitations of such legislation. "From the point of view of the private deputy it must be said that under the Standing Orders his opportunities are adequate. One and a half hours on Wednesday and two hours on Friday are allocated to private deputies' business. There is no demand for greater facilities. From the standpoint of the Departments of State, private member legislation is, generally speaking, mistrusted. It tends, and must inevitably tend, to be ill-conceived and badly drafted." It is not clear how much of this is a deduction from experience. A tabulation of Bills introduced and enacted proves nothing; it could be paralleled from English statistics, where it would not prove that the opportunities of private members were adequate. Nevertheless, the opinion expressed accords with ideas produced *a priori*.

There is an excellent chapter on administrative powers. Perhaps there is not enough examination of the underlying problems. Nevertheless, it is made clear from a competent study of delegated powers that the development has proceeded even further than in England, though it has not, apparently, brought out a Hewart on a war-horse. The chapter on Local Government suffers, as all single chapters on local government must do, from superficiality. We are told, for example, that the poor law system began from the English practice, but has substantially deviated from it. What the student of comparative government is interested in is not the formal institutional structure, but the social consequences of the institutional changes.

This is, indeed, the essential limitation of any book which attempts to survey the whole constitutional system of a country. It must deal rather with the institutions than with the problems which face them. Nevertheless, it is a competent and interesting survey of the institutions.

W. IVOR JENNINGS

OBJETS D'ART

The Devil and All. By JOHN COLLIER. *Nonesuch Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Olympia. By COLERIDGE KENNARD. *Barker.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Sophy Cassmajor. By MARGERY SHARP. *Barker.* 6*s.*

A Thing of Nought. By HILDA VAUGHAN. *Lovat Dickson.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Eternal Smile. By PÄR LAGERKVIST. Trans. by D. W. HARDING and E. MESTERTON. *Gordon Fraser.* 5*s.*

The strange economic laws which govern publishing so ordain matters that we may have certain dishes in plenty, others rarely. Joints at seven-and-sixpence, yes: a cutlet, a plover, a quail, no—or very seldom. This may be good for the circulating libraries, but for artistry it is bad. So there is good reason to welcome Christmas, which comes, etc., when there seems to be an inclination to relax this uncomfortable law, and we may find, at curiously fluctuating prices, books which are conceived and executed on a small scale, and stand or fall by reason of their craftsmanship. Here are six.

Mr. John Collier, whose six stories are here very elegantly produced, has the enormous advantage, which he shares with Mr. T. S. Eliot and a vast, if less articulate, mass of mankind, of a proper belief in the Devil. This enables him to bring us into touch not only with a character extremely interesting in Himself, but with vast territories inadequately mapped by the Underground Railway and Sir James Jeans, and untouched by writers of less dualist temper. He moves us with equal facility down a Piccadilly escalator or through oceans of finite space; we are conveyed so convincingly that not an eyebrow is lifted, hardly aware where one ends and the other begins. What is good? What is evil? we ask, but stay not for an answer. Mr. Collier's apprehension of the diabolic is so exact that we do not for a moment question the nature of Miss Angela Bradshaw's possession or the manner of her felicitous exorcisement. Even more deeply are we convinced by the actuality of that special and new Hell for women which the Devil, observing with relish the fierce misogyny of George Pennywhistle, placed under the ruthless dictatorship of that young man: it

> Proved to have an aspect not unlike that of the Great West Road, where it approaches London. On every hand, rows of cells were being run up: to add the final refinement of misery, they were designed exactly like modern villas. Imitation husbands, who could neither speak nor hear, were planted in arm-chairs with their feet on the mantelpieces. The wardrobes were full of unfashionable garments: small imps disguised as children were already rehearsing by dozens in all the upper rooms. The peculiar property of the walls was to translate the noise of those next door into the sound of a party going on, while the windows were so designed as to make the dowdiest passer-by appear to be arrayed in the very latest mode. Vast bunion factories belched smoke among the crazy villas: lorry-loads of superfluous hair clattered along the streets. George was shown the towering gasometers of the Halitosis factories and a number of other things I do not dare imagine. . . .

There cannot be many things that Mr. Collier does not dare imagine: he has clearly had converse with the Fiend. But these stories, especially *Possession of Angela Bradshaw* and *The Devil, George, and Rosie*, are uncommonly good and uncommonly accomplished. The Devil has made no such brilliant appearance in print since Mr. Beerbohm recorded the story of the late Enoch Soames. But Mr. Collier's belief is more passionate, and the portrait is correspondingly richer. After the taut precision of Mr. Collier's prose, Sir Coleridge Kennard's satiric fantasy, *Olympia*, seems a little diffuse, and lacks that sureness and consistency of direction which are called for in this kind of writing. But he is suave, unhurrying, mildly recondite, and decidedly amusing; and some of the poetic divagations are highly accomplished *pastiches*. The tale of the painfully indestructible Mrs. Dobree and the patient vice-consul in Azerbáiján, and the expedition to reach the sacred mountain where the secrets of the East might be learned—with the cuckolding of Eblis thrown in—

A Child's Gratitude

We wish that you could see the conditions that some little ones are suffering—and even more that you could see the happiness brought to thousands every year through the help of the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Over 4,000,000 (think of it!) have been ensured a happier life since the Society's foundation. ● YOU can earn some little one's gratitude by sending a Christmas gift to-day to William J. Elliott, Director,

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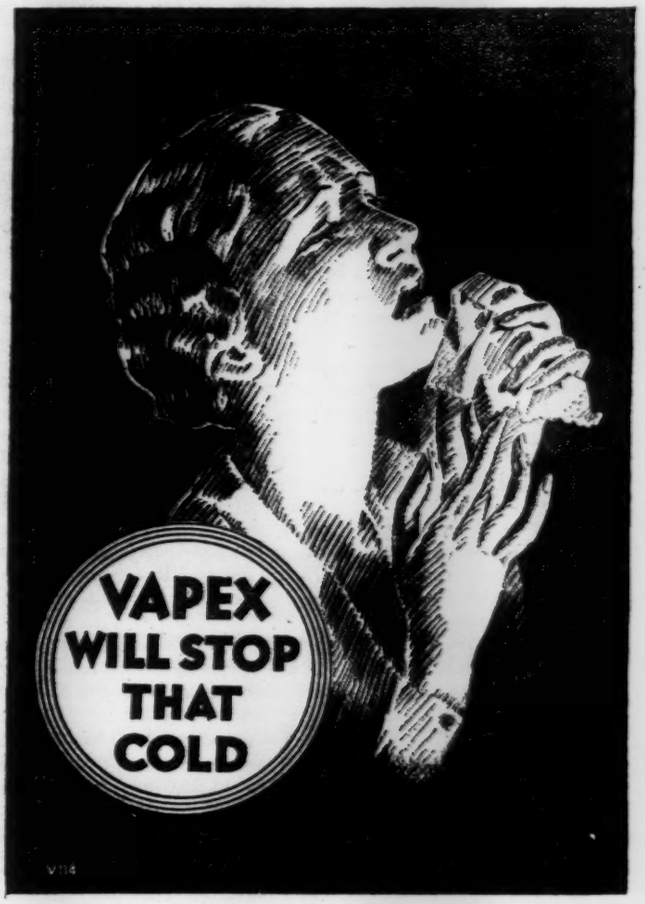

"An excellent shillingsworth"—*Forward*

STALIN-WELLS TALK PAMPHLET

Contributions by SHAW, WELLS, KEYNES, TOLLER and others

The verbatim record of the conversation between Stalin and H. G. Wells during the latter's recent visit to Moscow was published in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of October 27th. A discussion of the talk followed in subsequent issues of the paper and drew interesting, provocative and entertaining contributions from Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, J. M. Keynes, Ernst Toller and others.

The whole of this discussion and the original Moscow "talk," supplemented by reproductions of LOW'S famous caricatures of Shaw, Wells and Keynes, and a cover design by the same artist, is now published in pamphlet form at ONE SHILLING

"A brilliant symposium of reflective modern thought on which *The New Statesman and Nation* is to be warmly congratulated. The politically-minded will find it difficult to get in such cheap form anything either so instructive or so provocative of worth-while discussion. Nothing has been printed for years so well worth a shilling to those who are keen to understand the way the world is going as this 'Shaw-Wells-Keynes on Stalin-Wells Talk.'"—*Yorkshire Evening News.*

"This reprint by *The New Statesman and Nation* of the Stalin-Wells talk, along with the controversy between Keynes, Wells and Shaw that followed it, is an excellent shillingsworth. Probably Low's opinion expressed on the cover is the best summing up of the discussion."—*Forward.*

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

is both diverting and pungent. Misogynists especially will relish it.

Sophy Cassmajor is all *pastiche*, neat enough, and humorous, and with a dexterously wistful break in the voice to add the touch of far-off pathos: the whole infused with that slightly arch quality which somehow recalls the eighteenth century as the late Sir Nigel Playfair liked to present it. Young Miss Cassmajor, aged seventeen (but surprising mature in physical charms, if we are to believe Miss Zinkeisen's marginal drawings), sets sail for the Coromandel coast and a *mariage de convenance* with a dull merchant there awaiting her. But in the tropics (need it be explained?) she discovers, with the help of a Frenchwoman, that *convenance* is not all. What her young fellow-passenger, Mr. Carew, can give her, she knows that Mr. James will not. But alas! a tempest intervenes. Mr. Carew, broaching casks of wine to lighten the labouring vessel, is crushed and dies, and the sea-idyll is closed for ever by the landfall. This tale, misogynists will not like.

The excellence of Miss Vaughan's story, *A Thing of Nought*, is primarily that she has so exactly adjusted into some fifty pages a story which most writers would have inflated into three hundred. The distillation is extremely effective, a model of its kind. Her story, set in a small remote community in Wales, is old and familiar in outline—a girl waiting in vain for the return of a lover, letting herself be turned by despair into a loveless marriage, and then, after years, seeing her lover return still loving. But the crux of the tale, which, with so closely wrought a texture, it would be unfair to extract, is new, and moving.

The Eternal Smile is a more ambitious and significant achievement than any of these books. Pär Lagerkvist's work has already been introduced to English readers in a recent collection of Swedish short stories, and this confirms one's impression that he is a writer of most unusual gifts. To call it a story is perhaps stretching an elastic word too far; it is rather a visionary prose poem, lifted outside the terms of space and time, but looking back into the common life of earth:

> There were once upon a time a few of the dead, they were sitting together somewhere in the darkness, they didn't know where, perhaps nowhere, they were sitting and talking to pass eternity away.
>
> No, said one of them, continuing a conversation that had been going on for ages on end, the living are too self-complacent. They busy themselves with their odds and ends and imagine they're alive. . . .

So it begins. And the dead sit there, sharing and comparing recollections of life, offering a string of dissolving views into the past, wondering and debating, but each of them cribbed and confined by the awful sense of the isolation of individual experience.

> Uncertainty and pain filled them . . . harried them and took all peace from them. They didn't know where to turn with their thought, they wandered about with it, found peace for it nowhere.

But then the story (if so we must call it) takes on action, when a prophet among them arises, filling them with a sense of unity in their despair, and of a hidden strength flowing from it, and the dead, in accumulating multitudes, set out "to call God to account for everything." Him they discover, a mild old man, who can only tell them: "I have done the best I could." And the outcome of their debate, the illumination of the dead and their parting to resume their eternal living, indicates the meaning of the mystery. Only lengthy quotation could suggest the remarkable literary skill which gives the strange narrative its convincing unity, and only a full reading can convey its spiritual power. I speak in the dark as regards the original, but the translation has every sign of being admirable. Few readers will not want to know more of Pär Lagerkvist.

HAMISH MILES

SHORTER NOTICE

Christmas Omnibuses

The *Birmingham Bus* (Methuen, 7*s.* 6*d.*) contains the author's best story, *Spanish Gold*—a story that once made me roar with laughter when I had toothache. It also includes the *Search Party*, *Lalage's Lovers* and the *Adventures of Dr. Whitty*, all excellent light fare. *The First Class Omnibus*, edited by Helen Gosse (Hodder and Stoughton, 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a collection of a dozen short novels or long short stories by Helen Ashton, Phyllis Bentley, George Birmingham, G.D.H. and Margaret Cole, J. J. Connington, Jane England, Storm Jameson, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Denis Mackail, Kate O'Brien, G. B. Stern and L. A. G. Strong. They were originally written for the *News Chronicle*. I recommend Storm Jameson's *Perfect Wife*. *Unreliable History* (Heinemann, 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a collection of Maurice Baring's genial trivialities—his "diminutive dramas," some of which can be acted with great effect as an alternative to charades, and his "lost diaries" and "dead letters."

Week-end Competitions

No. 249

Set by Philip Jordan

The habit of inserting a descriptive, topical and satirical label between the first and surname is one with which Chicago has brightened our lives. Al "Scarface" Capone started it all off; and more recent instances have been Alfred "Cenotaph" Rosenberg and L. N. "Ballot of Blood" U. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for such appropriate names for any *seven* of the following:

Julius Caesar, Samuel Johnson, Edward Gibbon, Napoleon Bonaparte, Karl Marx, Benito Mussolini, Marcel Proust, Angelica Kauffman, Oswald Mosley, Amy Johnson, C. B. Cochran, Montague Norman, G. Bernard Shaw, J. C. Squire, Y.Y., the T.U.C., Sir Henry Page Croft, Miss Edith Sitwell, J. B. Priestley, and Mr. Therm.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, December 28.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our issue of January 5.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 247

Set by Naomi Royde-Smith

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best English Epigram on Capital Punishment in four lines of rhymed verse, embodying a translation of the suggestion: "*Que messieurs les assassins commencent.*"

Report by Naomi Royde-Smith

'Tis sweet and commendable in their natures that competitors, faced with the words Capital Punishment, should see red; it is also a pity, because those who see red are in danger of growing blind to those duller colours black and white. There is always a catch in any competition worth the name, and in this one, rather to my own surprise, it turns out that there were two. That some competitors would ignore the phrase to be translated in their generous humanitarianism was only to be expected: many of them did so and sent in four-lined verses of which the following is one of the best examples:—

> Our Age with Wisdom is lapp'd round,
> Our hardest Laws are in Solution;
> Our Theory of Life is sound,
> But fails with every Execution.

But that anyone should take the sardonic exhortation

> "*Que messieurs les assassins commencent*"

for an address to the hangman seemed impossible until entry after entry proved that even the most experienced and intelligent of them all was capable of so great a misunderstanding as is conveyed in these lines:—

> "Father, forgive them!" cried the dying Jew.
> He said, "They know not," though they knew.
> We, sickened by this outworn creed,
> Cry "Gentle murderers, proceed!"

And in these:—

> This ruffian murdered a man;
> God, what a heinous sin!
> Arouse all the manhood you can;
> Let his slaughter begin!

The real difficulty of this problem consists in finding an exact British equivalent for the Gallic epigram. "Let the murderers begin" is no more than a pedestrian version ignoring the fine irony of "messieurs les assassins."

Mr. Allan M. Laing made an attempt at anglicising the phrase, but his verse lacks the finish proper to an epigram:—

> From twisting necks the Law should take a rest,
> Some think; and cut-throats then might cease to sin;
> But caution hints: in sparing life 'twere best
> To let these bloody gentlemen begin.

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Salute to a Library; by GEORGE SCOTT MONCRIEFF.

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The publisher will be pleased to send a specimen copy to any *New Statesman and Nation* reader.

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and R.S.U. (1844)

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H. C. M. knew what the problem was about, but evaded its real difficulty :—

If murderers would but cease to slay
Their victims, then, in compensation,
The State could freely do away
With Mr. Ketch's occupation.

The first prize goes to Mr. Felix Aylmer, whose verse is crisp and elegant and who makes trenchant English of French elegance as follows :

FIRST PRIZE

Hanging, you think, is out of date to-day?
Life, you maintain, would be as safe without it?
You hold that it is always wrong to slay?
Agreed! Well, Mr. Ripper, what about it?

Mr. J. P. Marriott, who takes the second prize, has found the best equivalent for the French phrase sent in, but his epigram lacks polish as a whole.

SECOND PRIZE

The Law declares that murder is a sin;
—That neither priests nor warriors will dispute—
"But let the worthy murderers begin,"
Proceeds the Law, "and we will follow suit."

No one else can be even commended.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 104.—MR. SPOTHAM'S YOUNG LADIES

Mr. Spotham invited me to a party on the stage to celebrate the first night of *Lovebird*.

"Nice lot of girls you've got here," I said, as the young ladies drifted in.

"Yep," said Mr. Spotham.

"And all blue-eyed, too," said I.

"That," said Mr. Spotham, "is where you're wrong. The blue-eyed girls, are, in fact, in a minority of one. Or, to put it another way, the chance that the girls now in the room would all of 'em be blue-eyed is actually twelve to one against."

How many blue-eyed young ladies are there?

PROBLEM 101.—THE JUNTA

A set of Low's Cartoons goes to: Greville Barnard, 35 Lansdowne St., Hove 2, Sussex.

Points are awarded on the basis indicated last week.

PROBLEM 102.—STARING YOU EXPERTS IN THE FACE

The caption has twenty-six letters. *All the letters of the text appear in the caption.* This at once suggests an alphabet :

STARING YOU EXPERTS IN THE FACE
= ABCDEFG HIJ KLMNOPQ RS TUV WXYZ

Now transliterate, setting out alternatives where one letter does duty for several :

B F F K E K E
P H I S I S A V R W L I V R I
T Z Z

K K
N C B E E F N D B D F F
V X I P H R R S V O P O I S S
Z T Z T

K K
C B B D F D N E F N
I X U L P P O S O L V R S I V
T T Z Z

B K
C E P E E B B E E F A E E
X R T H R L R P P R R S Q R R
T T

K K
C D N F N E D B D B D F E
X O V S I V R O P O P H O S R
Z Z T T

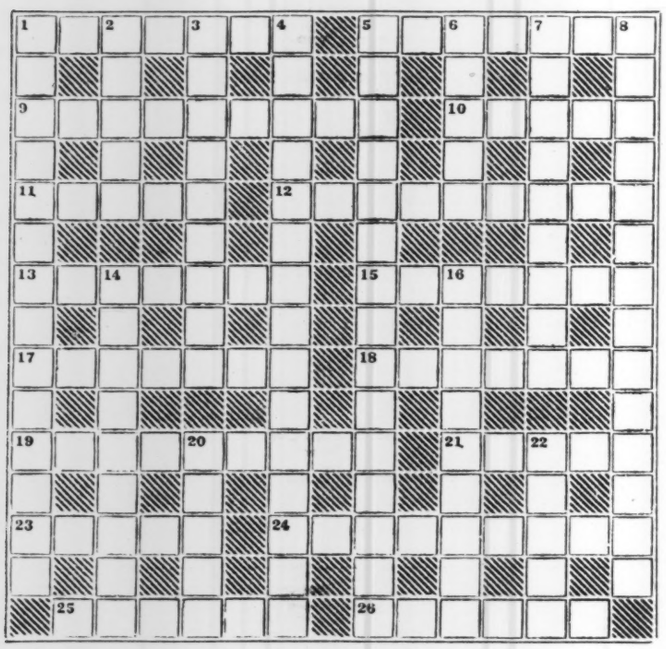
D F B E B B E
O S P H R P I P L R
T T T

With a little ingenuity, the message can be spelt out, the letters required being those underlined above.

This is a new line in ciphers. Not difficult to solve, since the letters are confined to those of the title. CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 250

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
C. R. Smith, Ardfardach, Bridge of Allan, Stirlingshire.

ACROSS

1. Sounds like a figurative description of the gourmand after Christmas dinner.
5. Would surely contain food unsuitable for feast days.
9. Though 5 down comes from oversea, he needs no one to do this on his visit.
10. This sort of stocking will be much in demand on Monday night.
11. Mother of Alice's kittens.
12. What a sell. It sounds as though we are to have mutton instead of turkey.
13. (*rev*) A singular 20 is used to make one understand.
15. Dogs who prepare guns for firing.
17. No doubt the 14 come up to it.
18. Bones by the ton for dessert.
19. Merely the wrappings, of course.
21. Provides a rise in foodstuffs.
23. Where the house comes to the point.
24. Greek party suitable for 8.
25. This animal goes like champagne corks.
26. Should describe the fruit in the plum pudding.

DOWN

1. 5's conveyance.
2. Sounds as though he's largely overdone the good cheer.
3. Turn the roast then in this direction.
4. A clothing practice for the pantomime?
5. See 1 down and 22.
6. (*rev*) Apart they are extremely contrary.
7. When waved encourages curling not on the ice.
8. Now for the gifts.
14. Ticklish condition of those who have fared too well.
16. Earth for a young fox to hide in?
20. Dances as a result of drinking healths?
22. 5 down must be to effect his traditional entry.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

R	E	D	U	C	E	D	■	T	W	O	S	T	E	P
E	■	O	■	H	■	E	■	I	■	A	■	A	■	A
D	A	N	C	E	B	A	N	D	■	T	A	L	E	S
H	■	G	■	C	■	D	■	D	■	H	■	L	■	T
A	L	A	C	K	■	M	I	L	E	S	T	O	N	E
I	■	■	■	M	■	E	■	E	■	■	■	R	■	R
R	E	F	R	A	I	N	■	R	A	M	A	D	A	N
■	■	R	■	T	■	■	■	■	■	I	■	E	■	■
P	R	E	V	E	N	T	■	F	U	L	C	R	U	M
I	■	E	■	■	■	R	■	U	■	L	■	■	■	I
C	O	L	D	S	N	A	P	S	■	W	O	M	A	N
K	■	A	■	C	■	F	■	I	■	H	■	A	■	U
L	U	N	G	E	■	F	L	O	W	E	R	P	O	T
E	■	C	■	N	■	I	■	N	■	E	■	L	■	E
S	C	E	P	T	I	C	■	S	A	L	V	E	R	S

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The Moon in the Yellow River.

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HOLBORN EMPIRE. Daily at 2.15.
Where the Rainbow Ends.

KINGSWAY. Young England. W., Th., F., S.

LYRIC. Theatre Royal. Wed., Th. & Sat.

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